THE LIVING AGE.

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ST. LUKE'S SUMMER AGAIN.

A year ago we walked the self-same road,
Took horse and lingered, dropped from Hedsor Hill,
And watched the slow stream, how it welled and flowed
Beside the timbered mill.

The stream, the very eddies seem the same,
The hanger nestles in the huge hill's fold,
The cherry-trees in croft and orchard flame,
Or flaunt in green and gold.

Peace in the valley, peace upon the height—
She leaned and beckoned from the woodways wet;
We dreamed that we should find her ere the night:
Say, have we found her yet?

What have we done to win her? We have schemed
For wealth to buy her, health to seize her charms,
Glory to tempt her, till we almost dreamed
She lay within our arms.

And yet she comes not; like a woodland thing
She breaks in terror from her still retreat;
The clamorous cries that up the woodland ring,
Thunder of hurrying feet,

Have scared her, filled her with bewildered grief;
They that pursue her can they love her well?
Here by the pool, thick strewn with fallen leaf,
Her flying shadow fell.

Not in the rage of those insistent shouts
Nor with the flush upon excited cheeks,
Not in the throbbing of a heart that doubts
The half of what it seeks:—

But when we face the dull laborious day,
Forgo the secret raptures we had planned,
Upon our burdened shoulders she will lay
A firm and strenuous hand.

Arthur Christopher Benson.

DIRGE FOR A POET.

I ponder on a broken lute
The fragment of a song,
And wonder if the soul be mute,
Or if a heavenly throng
Of harmonies and mighty themes
Proclaim his interrupted dreams.

The wistful thought, the hidden fire,
The darkling prophecies,
The passion and the brave desire
That lit his startled eyes;
Oh! will that broken music reach
Through large fulfilment into speech.

And shall I meet him once again
Upon the endless way?
East of the sun where gleams the plain
That knows not night or day;
And in the calm untroubled land
Will his wild spirit understand?

Like some soft fiery cloud that soars
At sunset o'er the snow,
He sought the pale unearthly shores
Beyond the western glow,
And sank into the wave of night
Before he reached the crimson light.

Perchance to-morrow's western wind
May bear to oceans dim
Mysterious clouds encarnadined
But never one like him.
Shall Nature stop the march of spheres
Because of a few foolish tears?

Once only Nature breathes each note
That builds the song of time:
No more across the skies will float
That tender sunset chime
I loved; and in the eastern skies
A million morning stars arise.

Maurice Baring.

THE ATTITUDE OF SCIENCE TO THE UNUSUAL.

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR NEWCOMB.

In the January issue of this Review,[1] under the head "Modern Occultism," Professor Simon Newcomb has done us the service of stating his "matured" opinions concerning the inquiries which the Society for Psychical Research was founded to pursue.

He calls the subject "Occultism," whereas of course our effort has been to remove it from that obscure category and place it upon a reasonable, and ultimately upon a scientific, foundation; so that the term he employs is not one that would be selected by us; but, employing this term, the conclusion at which Professor Newcomb has arrived is that, taking all things into account, "nothing is left on which to base any theory of occultism"; a conclusion which he also expresses more clearly thus: "Nothing has been brought out by the researchers of the Psychical Society . . . except what we should expect to find in the ordinary course of nature."

If this phrase "The Psychical Society" is intended to signify "The Society for Psychical Research" incorporated in England, this challenge demands a reply.

It is a remarkable verdict to give, when all that is going on, even now, is taken into account. The leading articles in the contemporary number of the *Hibbert Journal*, for instance, make it rather a difficult position to maintain.

But in view of the normal and natural prejudice against unusual facts, it is the easiest and most comfortable attitude to assume, for a time; since undoubtedly what he says in a sentence at the beginning of his article is true, namely, that all allegations as to occult facts have generally been, and therefore can still freely be, "classed with superstition, as belonging to a stage of intellectual development which the world has now left behind."

Now I have to confess that with the attitude of mind presented by this eminent astronomer and mathematician I have some sympathy. Few things are more irritating than to have thrust upon our notice crude narratives and cheap marvels which will not stand the strain of careful inquiry; and it is well known that the subject has the unfortunate knack of attracting the attention of cranks and weakheaded persons all over the world—though, indeed, in this respect Röntgen rays and wireless telegraphy run it very close. While engaged in some strenuous quest in physical science, I, too, am quite ready to feel something akin to contempt for the outlying partly savage territory not yet incorporated as a state.

It is only when I have been induced specially to explore some district of this region, and have myself taken part in its investigation, that I am occasionally constrained to make a report such as I feel at the time must be received with incredulity, annoyance, and some ridicule, by the greater part of the scientific world—by that body of men, in fact, which, with admirable resourcefulness, is pushing on its conquests over comparatively civilized country.

It was therefore without restiveness or hostility, but with a sort of fellow feeling, that I was prepared to welcome the challenging summons which Professor Newcomb has sent over the border into the region which I and others are trying to reduce to something like order. But I confess that there are features about his article which surprise me. One is his too evident dearth of acquaintance with what has been ac-

[1] "The Living Age." Feb. 13.

complished: he seems to know of nothing that has happened within the last twenty years. And another ground of surprise is the literature which he permits himself to read and apparently to regard as instructive—speaking, for instance, of a book compiled by a not specially competent and quite irresponsible journalistic writer as "the latest work with which I am acquainted."

If circumstances should prevent my attention to psychical subjects for so many years, and if I should happen during that time to concentrate my attention solely on the material universe, with its splendid prospect of law and order and its opportunity for quantitative and exact statement; if, further, I were unfortunate enough to encounter only tricksters and self-deceivers on the few occasions when I ventured off the beaten track, I feel that I, too, might be tempted to take up Professor Newcomb's attitude, and challenge the workers who had left the high road by what right they presumed to consider that those desert wastes could ever become part of the province of ordered knowledge.

The recent history of Professor Newcomb seems not to have been altogether unlike this. All the world knows him as a brilliant astronomer, but the world is not acquainted with efforts of his in the psychical domain. Yet in the past he has made a few. In 1884 he allowed himself to be President of the American S.P.R., which in 1889 became for a time a branch of the English Society. And that was no slight service in those early days. He is not one of those who have scoffed, with resolutely shut mind and averted eyes, at all possibilities beyond those long familiar to the human race through their customary channels of sense. There was a time when he seems to have contemplated "occult" matters with some little interest, and even to have undertaken an inquiry or two. But it was evidently long ago, and the particular inquiries seem to have resulted in negation.

I am surprised, however, that he should include among those inquiries a reference to the exhibition, some years ago, of muscular feats and tricks by a young woman called by her exhibitors "the little Georgia Magnet"; whereof he gives the explanation which we all gave, and which was published in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. xi. pp. 219-225. The performance turned out to have nothing whatever to do with our subject, and it is unfortunate that Professor Newcomb should speak of that legitimate public entertainer as "the most wonderful performer yet seen," or should regard her feats as an example of occult power seriously vouched for.

Another untoward occasion, which, strange to say, he speaks of as an "event of prime importance," occurred to him in the year 1858, likewise with a negative conclusion. This seems to have originated in a pecuniary challenge by some anonymous writer in the *Boston Courier*. Such pecuniary offers, so far as they are allowed to exert any influence, do indeed tend to place any subject beyond the pale of science.

As to the case of Mrs. Piper, he feels able to dismiss it in a few words, which to me convey no definite meaning. Let it be clearly understood that what Professor Newcomb is denying is not some out of the way phenomenon for which only weak or scanty evidence can be adduced, but it is any kind of supernormal phenomena whatever, and therefore especially the one which we consider definitely established, namely telepathy, or the action of one mind on another by other means than through the known organs of sense. I will only say that if he can point out a way by which we might dispense with the necessity for applying telepathy as a working hypothesis to

some of the facts obtained through the agency of Mrs. Piper, he would mightily simplify the problem which just at present is lying before us. For at the present time telepathy has become almost a sort of bugbear which constantly obstructs our view and increases our difficulties, because it is a *vera causa* which we feel bound to stretch to the utmost as a working hypothesis before advancing to some further and more questionable theory.

Like myself and many other scientific investigators, Professor Newcomb himself is devoid of telepathic faculty. That fact alone does not prove that the faculty is non-existent. I have known people devoid of any faculty for music, and for mathematics; but nevertheless these faculties do exist, in favored individuals.

In recent times he seems to have abandoned any study of the matter, and is moved to ask therefore, somewhat naïvely, why has everything stopped? Why are the operating deities, or demons, no longer active? How comes it that he "has heard nothing of mediumistic performances for ten or even twenty years," "except the trance mediums and fortune tellers who still ply their trade, and an occasional 'materializer'"?

Well, I do not know how it comes about that Professor Newcomb has not heard of what has been going on. I accept the fact, and consider that it amply explains his present attitude. With only the amount of experience to which he confesses, and with that unfruitful lapse of time, the impression of any reasonable probability of truth in the phenomena is bound to fade and become extinct.

Under those conditions I must suggest that the "maturity" of his opinions is hardly an advantage. My own experience agrees with that of others in this particular: reminiscences of occurrences do not improve with keeping, it is necessary to have them fresh and fresh. Scepticism among scientific men is doubtless meritorious, but in this case it seems to have been too jealously guarded. "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue."

But his article is by no means limited to a statement of personal incredulity; a more important part of it remains. He shows cause why the asserted facts should be extruded, not only from individual belief, but from the cognizance of the world at large. He urges that they should take their place among discredited superstitions and impostures. And he does not, like smaller antagonists, merely disdain and ridicule; he bestows on the subject a friendly, even a respectful glance, out of politeness for those who think it their duty to work therein; and he adduces reasoned objections to the deducing from all their labor any positive conclusion in favor of the existence of anything unusual.

Scepticism is nothing new in the atmosphere of the Society for Psychical Research. Its enemies more frequently complain of its excessive and withering scepticism than they do of its credulity; and every scientific man who will take part in our researches and give us the benefit of his careful attention and criticism from inside, has always been heartily welcomed. The Society was founded to find out the truth about obscure phenomena and drag them into the light of day. It was not founded to establish, any more than to disestablish, a verity underlying popular beliefs. If the asserted facts cannot stand scrutiny and reasonable criticism, they are not worth the labor that has been bestowed upon them—let them perish!

But speaking for myself, and for most—I think all—of the investigators, I feel that they are worth the labor, and that in one form or another some of them will make good their claim to

be admitted into the kingdom of science in due time.

That being so, I necessarily differ from the conclusion to which Professor Newcomb has come, and am glad of the opportunity to encounter, and to some extent ward off, the missiles he directs against our earthworks. Earthworks I must call them, for as yet they have not been converted into permanent and substantial fortifications, such as those behind which, as astronomers and physicists, we are able so powerfully to entrench ourselves, when, as occasionally happens, some crazily ingenious "paradoxer" questions the accuracy of physical data, the correctness of gravitational theory, or the truth of the legend of the sudden appearance of occasional new stars in historic times. Though this last, I parenthetically remark, is not the kind of thing that can be reproduced at will.

Nevertheless I commend to every one interested a careful reading of Professor Newcomb's article. The first paragraph, for instance, abounds in passages which deserve attention, and some of which I am tempted to quote. I will be content with one.

> Belief in witchcraft vanished from the minds of civilized men more than two centuries ago, and with it disappeared the belief in every form of mental interaction otherwise than through the known organs of sense.

Quite true, that is exactly what happened. But we have begun to suspect that, in the reaction or recoil, the disbelief went too far. Facts have driven us to this view. Moreover, even on *a priori* considerations, some of us venture to think it unlikely that our organs of sense, evolved as they have been by the animal kingdom for subsistence and continuance of the race, have already informed us of every existing class of phenomenon, and every real kind of "mental interaction." The possibility that the universe contains many truths of a kind as yet quite unsuspected, must have been one of the factors which caused certain of us, which caused such a man as Professor Sidgwick for instance, to enter upon a rather repugnant region of inquiry, at a time when it was even more widely despised and disliked than it is at present. I have said already that as a physicist I sympathize with colleagues who dislike the "atmosphere" of this quest. But it is a dislike which I have had to overcome, for when an avenue of truth is placed before him, woe be to the scientific man who resolutely shuts his eyes.

The inquiry has led us, then, to the view which Professor Newcomb so well expresses, namely, that some of the "instincts of our ancestors did not err so greatly as we have supposed, and that beliefs which our fathers called superstitions are well grounded in the regular order of nature."

I entirely acquiesce; and with the first line of the second paragraph also I can heartily concur: "If these are truths, we can scarcely exaggerate their importance."

It is indeed their profound importance that vociferously enjoins caution in acceptance of them. Popular incredulity is, and will be for some time yet, eminently desirable. It would be a calamity if any large proportion of the human race were to veer suddenly round from complete rejection to wholesale acceptance; for the sudden change would initiate a new era of superstition, and would neutralize some of the benefit of that sound schooling in reverence for fact which the nineteenth century gave us.

The wisest course is for the phenomena to be studied, criticised, and, if it so happens, accepted, first by students of science, who can assimilate and digest them into pabulum meet

for the multitude. I do not say that the more advanced investigators should artificially and in a spirit of presumptuous Providence, hang back and withhold their results from general knowledge, in fear lest they should do harm. I do not urge any inaction or secrecy from motives of expediency; there would be lack of faith and over-much presumption in such a course. If we have received what we consider truth, it is our duty, after due pondering, to proclaim it. But in so far as other scientific men, acting as they believe also in full accord with truth, feel impelled to throw doubt upon our investigations and thereby to induce the multitude to hold aloof, suspend judgment, and continue in unbelief for a time, they are, I expect, doing useful service. That which our view of truth prevents us from doing, their view justly enables them to do; and by the interaction of the two groups, a steady and balanced progress may be hoped for.

Of course hostility could go too far. It might become so violent as to check all inquiry; it might surround the subject with so much ridicule and obstruction as to cover up the facts once more with a cloak of inattention. But that, I think, is hardly likely to happen again.

Thanks to the wisdom and sanity, the caution and candor, of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research, *quorum pars non fui*, the inquiry is already verging on a sort of respectability; it need no longer be pursued in holes and corners. Men of letters and statesmen are now willing to discuss our results, and presently even the courts of orthodox science will be open to receive communications on this subject, even as they have at last had to recognize hypnotism, in spite of its alien appearance.

Meanwhile Professor Newcomb says that our facts, even if true, are not science. Certainly they do not yet belong to orthodox science. But he says more than that, he says that they do not belong to the region of science at all, and, in giving his reason, he enunciates one of the few general considerations which I disallow, or at least fail to understand. He says they are not science because they are disconnected facts, because the evidence for them is sporadic and not continuous:

> That coal will burn when brought into contact with fire is a proposition belonging to the domain of science. But if we could only say that someone in England had at some time made coal burn, then, a few years later, some one in Russia, then some one in America, and so on, such facts, though they mounted into the hundreds or the thousands, would not establish the law that coal was combustible, and therefore would not belong to science.

That seems an extraordinary statement. Generalizations based on a moderate number of instances, without an adequate link of theory, do not indeed belong to highly organized and deductive science, truly; neither did meteors a century ago; and surely there are or have been facts in biology, in geology, in meteorology, and especially in the reports of geographical explorers, which could equally be disclaimed as unscientific, if tried by this singularly severe test. A votary of a deductive science may not have a very high opinion of the "Baconian method" of investigation, yet surely the objection to "induction" is here expressed too strongly.

Nor is ability to reproduce and display a recorded phenomenon a necessary condition essential to acceptance of testimony concerning it, else must the historic appearance of certain new stars be regarded as incredible, and themselves be ousted from the scientific domain.

In another part of his essay Professor Newcomb draws an interesting and

instructive parallel, or contrast rather, between the present outcome of two discoveries of Sir William Crookes's. Crookes discovered cathode rays; and behold every laboratory in the world was at work, and presently X-rays and radium resulted. About the same time Crookes also discovered, or at least published some observations upon, certain unexplained physical movements and materializations; but in this direction, Professor Newcomb implies, nothing has securely been established at all. Very few have even tried to repeat the experiments.

The question he wishes to raise is, why this difference?

An answer is given by Professor Newcomb himself, though I should word it differently. He says these latter things do not belong to science. I say they have been observed before scientific men were ready for them. The general public, if not led by physicists, would have seen no whit more sense or meaning in the cathode rays, than the men of science were able to see in the unexplained physical movements.

But whereas for the first class of discovery every laboratory in the world was already equipped, for the second research there exist, or at any rate did exist, no fitted laboratories at all. The first discovery might have been made by any one of a hundred professors. The second observation depended for success on the presence and the willingness, the leisure and complacency, of a subject with extraordinary and exceptional faculties. The canons of evidence in this subject, moreover, are far from established; while constant precaution has to be taken against fraud.

Discoveries of the first class belong to the domain to which all men of science, and indeed the general public, have become by habit inured. Observations of the second class belong to a new and mistrusted region, full of danger, and strewn with the bones of former explorers.

There was a time when a not dissimilar assertion could be made of the first class of observation likewise.

Roger Bacon investigated things belonging to the first of the two enumerated classes, but he suffered for his temerity, and his discoveries underwent the fate of practical extinction. The world was not ready; laboratories did not exist; open-minded men were few and far between. Ordinary people might have repeated some of his observations, had they chosen, but it would have been useless if they had; they would have been obliged to forsake them and flee. It was safer to regard the ill-understood results as magical and diabolic, and to torment and ridicule the unfortunate pioneer; ridicule which, by the way, has survived, in witty fashion, even down to the latest Oxford pageant, when the greatest experimental philosopher in the history of that university was exhibited as a showman with a genuinely comic penny-in-the-slot machine.

In modern times pioneers are treated in more friendly fashion, they are pitied rather than abused, and unless they are impatient or impulsive they may well rest content with the reception accorded to their occasional utterances.

They can afford to be patient; time is on their side. And if it should really turn out that they are self-deceived, if it be really only a will-of-the-wisp that they are pursuing, then nothing ought to give them greater satisfaction than to have the futility of their quest pointed out, and to have their feet once more set upon the solid macadamized road of orthodox science.

Let us now enter upon Professor Newcomb's criticism more in detail. The two phenomena specially selected for criticism are:

(1) *Thought transference*, or telepathy

of an experimental and controlled kind between persons generally in the same room, or at a comparatively short distance from one another.

(2) *Phantasms of the dying;* which, as he well knows, we endeavor, as far as may be, to explain by unconscious and spontaneous telepathy from one person to another across a considerable distance. For the least strained assumption is that the dying person unconsciously transmits an impression, or acts as telepathic agent, just before he dies; and that is why we commonly speak of these death-wraiths as phantasms of the *living*.

Our own position with regard to the two groups is as follows:

In the experimental cases of telepathy the difficulty is to be quite certain that all known processes of sense have been excluded; and this is often the only difficulty, since in those experiments which can be regarded as successful, the hypothesis of chance connection is quite preposterous. It is quite clear that the connection is due to *some* cause; the only possible question is whether that cause or connection is telepathic, whether, in fact, all normal means of communication have been excluded with absolute security. This can perhaps only be shown conclusively by increasing the distance between the two experimenters to several miles, which has been done successfully in some instances. So far for the experimental cases.

For the spontaneous cases, however, the opposite difficulty holds. When the agent is in Australia and the percipient in England, no one can suppose that the causal connection between event and phenomenon lies in hyperaesthesia of the ordinary channels of sense. The main point in dealing with these cases, therefore, is to ascertain whether there is any causal connection at all; that is to say, any connection beyond the possibilities of chance.

All this is explicitly stated in our *Proceedings*, vol. x. pp. 27, 28, and Professor Newcomb's objections fall under the same heads, which I will consider separately.

To group 1, that is to experimental telepathy, our critic opposes the contention that the more thoroughly you take precaution against collusion and mal-observation, the less notable is the result obtained. I am not prepared to admit that, but it is a straightforward question of fact, which some study of our records might answer, but which renewed experiment will answer better.

Unfortunately he also goes on to say that we have kept no record of non-successes: "the probability of success cannot be stated because we have no record of the failures, the number of which defies estimation." But with that I really must join issue. It is a thoughtless slander which should not have been perpetrated. We are quite aware of the necessity of recording failures as well as successes. We should indeed be in an infantile stage of the investigation if we were blind to the possibilities of chance-coincidence, and if we only recorded a few successes obtained out of many thousands of experimental trials! *In every series of telepathic experiments that we have ever published, the number of failures has always been recorded, and has invariably been taken into account in any deduction.* Some of our investigators have even taken the trouble to see what sort of a result would be obtained by chance alone—drawing out pictures in pairs, from a set of 2000 diagrams, for instance, and seeing what, if any, correspondence ever exists between the components of any single pair. The series is recorded in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. vi. pp. 398-405.

Another singularly mistaken statement follows: "nothing bearing on [ex-

perimental telepathy] is found in its recently published *Proceedings*."

But in *Proceedings*, part 54, published in October 1907, are to be found the experiments of Miss Miles and Miss Ramsden, who have carried out experimental thought-transference over some considerable distances. And another report fills the latest part of the *Proceedings*, namely a detailed account of sittings with Mrs. Piper, where the whole subject of cross-correspondences is developed, which are definitely experimental. And if telepathy is not the explanation of these, as I myself am inclined to think it is not, though clearly the record does "bear upon the subject," then something still more surprising and farfetched will have to be postulated.

I assert, therefore, much more strongly than Professor Newcomb can deny, that direct experiment has established the possibility of an immediate kind of thought-transference between individuals.

He considers it extremely unlikely that such a faculty as thought-transference should exist. But of that I really cannot judge: all we can say is that it is not very usual, in a form sufficiently developed to lend itself to experiment.

Its unusualness itself gives him another argument against the possible existence of the telepathic faculty. When we go to sleep in London, he says, we are surrounded by millions of other intelligences, some of them in a state of emotional excitement. How is it that we do not become aware of all these thoughts? How is it that we can keep our own ideas secret at all?

Well, it is a definite question—possibly susceptible of an answer; like the somewhat similar question, How it is that, with sensitive ears and a noisy larnyx close to each other in the same head, we do not deafen ourselves by our own speech? In wireless telegraphy the difficulty is a real one: the receiver has to be thrown out of action and short-circuited whenever the sender adjacent to it is in operation, and the receiving human operator must be isolated from stray noises. Whereas in ordinary speech we all know that we can carry on conversation in a crowded hall, and with both communicators talking at once sometimes. Protection has been provided for in the structure of the head.

But reverting to the cognate case in telepathy. We must admit that, however it happens, it is an undoubted fact that the faculty of isolation, the power of secreting and isolating thoughts, exists, and is absurdly familiar to the human race. So much so, that to suggest any *leakage* of thought from one individual to another excites incredulity. A sceptic is nearly always on strong and popular ground: prejudice is always on his side. Clearly most people are opaque to telepathic impulses, and are presumably retentive of their own thoughts. It is only the few here and there who are found to be leaky; or, more likely, it is only the few here and there who can make any use of the leakage.

The fact could hardly be otherwise, as things are; for if telepathic communication had been common, instead of exceptional, humanity would have been aware of it from time immemorial, and it would have been incorporated as one of the root-experiences of the race. It is not in the least more unlikely *a priori* than is the power we possess of communicating with each other by vibrations of the air and by marks on paper. The tacit assumption underlying Professor Newcomb's objection is that every faculty possessed, or initially possessed or residually possessed, by the human race must be common and familiarly known.

But that assumption is clearly gratuitous.

We will pass to group 2—the case of phantasms, visions, premonitions and such like. First, he says that tales of these are often untrue or exaggerated. I agree: tales of them often are; and rigid inquiry is necessary to secure a trustworthy record. Inquiry and collection of documentary evidence is a troublesome process, but that trouble has had to be taken; and in the book *Phantasms of the Living*, as well as in Mr. Myer's book and our *Proceedings*, a considerable number of substantially true narratives are embodied. Here and there one has been admitted which was found not to stand subsequent test. Such lapses have been exceedingly few—not more than four in number, I believe—but they did occur: *humanum est errare*, even among the leaders of the Society for Psychical Research. Of these broken-down cases the "Hornby" case, which Professor Newcomb quotes, stands out strongly; for both its assertion and its denial were made exceedingly public.

But I notice a singular phenomenon. Now that it has failed it is emphasized as having been a case of unique value. Professor Newcomb says of it: "I only recall a single case in which the correctness of a telepathic narrative was tested by independent and conclusive authority."

Why this emphasis? Surely not because it is a discredited case? Might some of the established cases be regarded as equally weighty and well evidenced, if only they had happened to break down? That is, if only the evidence for them had happened to turn out weak!

I ask this, not in a spirit of mockery, but of wonder. I have noticed the same tendency so often, and am never able to explain it in a polite and conciliatory manner, as I would wish.

The first objection of Professor Newcomb to the veridical nature of any hallucination amounts, then, to this: that all such correspondence between appearance and reality is of an imaginary character, that visions are seldom recorded at the time, and that they grow more wonderful in the memory. If the stories were dissected down to their bare bones, he thinks, they would evaporate in common-place.

Very well, that is one definite objection which has to be faced. On the strength of our record I meet it with a direct negative; and so it becomes a matter upon which to go to the jury.

Some objection is directed against the antiquity of some of our records. It is true that at first we had to deal with an accumulated mass of evidence, with the result that in *Phantasms of the Living* a few cases are published as much as twenty years old at date of publication (1886). The cases now reported to us are chiefly recent ones, and we rarely, if ever, publish any more than four or five years old.

But it is not the interval between event and publication which really matters much: the important interval to abbreviate is that between occurrence and record. It does not really signify how long ago things happened, provided the record is contemporary. Professor Newcomb seems to mix up two distinct intervals of time, as others have done before him. Nevertheless, one disadvantage does attend even well-recorded incidents of long ago, namely, that many of the actors or witnesses must be dead, so that further and supplementary inquiry is hampered.

Unless events are recorded so as to be beyond the chance of invention, lapsed memory, and casual coincidence —to say nothing of deliberate sophistication—our aim is to exclude the narration of them altogether; and many a would-be contributor to our *Journal*

has been dismayed by the stringency with which tests are applied and questions asked. A few weak cases must no doubt have been admitted, but extremely few, and never with our good will. Rather would we reject many sound cases than admit one feeble one. We do not wish to rely on weak evidence, or to present it even by way of illustration, still less as material from which any inference can be drawn.

So now we come to Professor Newcomb's second objection to group 2—that of chance. Are the veridical or coincidental cases—corresponding in time with the death or other catastrophe betokened by them—more numerous and fuller of detail than can be accounted for by chance? Or will chance coincidence furnish a normal explanation?

It is a question which has been under our consideration always, and from the first. The whole subject of coincidence and chance has received very careful attention at the hands of the Society, and 170 pages in Vol. XIV. of its *Proceedings* are occupied with an elaborate discussion of problems thus arising.

Without repeating anything that is there said, it is clear to common-sense that chance must be responsible for a greater crop of coincidences among a group of occurrences which are plentiful, than among those which are rare.

But surely, it will be said, *dreams* are extremely common, and some must therefore accidentally be fulfilled. Yes, they are, too common—never evening wears to morning but most sleepers dream—and accordingly the Society has always admitted the much greater chance of casual coincidence in the case of veridical dreams.

But visions—actual hallucinatory figures or apparitions—and sounds, conveying impressions so clear and distinct as to be recorded and mentioned to others before actual correspondence is known: these are not very common among sane and healthy people. They seem not to be numbered even by hundreds per annum, certainly not by anything like millions. People liable to have them frequently are encouraged by us to make a note of all such occurrences as they intend to *count*, whether they succeed or whether they fail. If they do not act on this suggestion, their record of successes has perforce to be ignored as inconclusive, for the data are incomplete.

But to a large number of percipients of this class the experience is unique in their lives—and in that case they are asked to testify to that effect. They do not quite see the bearing of this inquiry, and their natural tendency would be—assuming that they are given to exaggeration—to claim for themselves something like a faculty for ghost-seeing. When they disclaim it, and are manifestly upset by the strangeness of the occurrence, they can be believed.

Nevertheless, the second objection—the plea of accidental coincidence, even of apparitions—must be faced. When shots are innumerable, some of them must hit. So if phantasmal appearances are really exceedingly numerous, if everybody has them, a large number must coincide with reality by sheer accident.

Well, now, this is an *a priori* possibility which in our *Proceedings* has been fully admitted, strongly emphasized and definitely refuted. The census of hallucinations—a most laborious piece of work—was undertaken by Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick and others, entirely with the object of inquiring into the actual facts. Their aim was to find out what proportion of people do have definite hallucinatory visions, and not simply to assume, as Professor Newcomb does, that everybody has.

As many sane and healthy people as

possible were to be asked, by a definite and considered form of question, whether they had had a single hallucination in their lives; and the statistical collectors were thoroughly instructed to regard the answer "No" as just as valuable as the answer "Yes."

But Professor Newcomb urges that a certain number of coincidences *must* be due to chance. Granted. The only question is what number may be so expected. That is discussed in the Census Report, and to that I now turn.

It is clear that if all spontaneous hallucinations were veridical or coincidental, an explanation by chance would be absurd; but some of them are certainly not coincidental—they occur when nothing particular is happening to the person represented, so the Council of the Society realized strongly that an estimate must be formed of the proportion which one set of cases bears to the other.

Mr. Gurney was the first to begin such an inquiry, in the year 1885, and his results are given in Chapter XIII. of *Phantasms of the Living;* and his introductory pages, at the beginning of Volume II. of that work, are well worth reading. He obtained answers from 5705 persons, and, although this number is admittedly too small for safe deduction, yet, as far as they went, the results very strongly tended to negative the hypothesis of mere chance. He urged that a more extended inquiry should be undertaken in due time. The matter was brought by Professor Sidgwick before the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, at its meeting in Paris in 1889, and, with the approval of that body, a special committee was appointed, with Professor Sidgwick as chairman, to carry out the statistical inquiry and to report. Of this committee the chief workers must have been Mrs. Sidgwick and Miss Johnson. The committee's Report, published in 1894, constitutes Vol. X. of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.* It is not only well worthy of study, but its study is an absolutely essential equipment of any one who at any future time attempts to discuss seriously the subject of the coincidence between phantasmal appearances and what they purport to represent.

Chapter XIII. of the Report is headed "Chance Coincidence," and the committee open it as follows:

> We are now in a position to estimate the improbability that the death-coincidences are due to chance. The fact that each of us only dies once, enables us to calculate definitely the probability that that death will coincide with any other given event, such as the recognized apparition of the dying person.
>
> Some figures are then quoted from the Registrar-General's Report for the decade 1881 to 1890, and, after discussion, the chance that any one person taken at random will die on any given day is estimated to be one in 19,000.
>
> We ought, therefore, to find that out of 19,000 apparitions of living persons, or persons not more than twelve hours dead, one is a death-coincidence—occurs, that is, on the day of the death of the person seen, and within twelve hours of the death on either side.
>
> Now of the 17,000 persons whose answers are included in the Report, those who had experienced hallucinations numbered 1684. Among these hallucinations the number of apparitions was 381; namely, 352 realistic apparitions, twenty cases of partial apparition, and nine visions of a person alive. But twenty-eight of the informants said that they had had several unreported hallucinations; and since the data are incomplete in their case, it was thought safer to omit this small group altogether from the numerical discussion.
>
> The retained number of apparitions thus became 350 out of the 17,000 in-

quiries. An advocate of chance, however, would insist that these are only the apparitions remembered—that more may have been really seen and forgotten; thereby increasing the opportunity for casual coincidence with reality. So the probabilities of forgetfulness are carefully discussed in the Report of the Census Committee. Ultimately they decided to assume, as an extreme precaution, that perhaps three times as many hallucinations had been forgotten as remembered; thus raising the total number to a possible 1300, and allowing even exaggerated scope for the play of chance.

The next thing to ascertain was the number of death-coincidences—of real and trustworthy death-coincidences—in this group; and here the path of safety lay not in increasing but in decreasing the number; so after making every allowance for possible exaggeration and selection, and excluding everything that could be considered in the least suspicious, they came to the conclusion that thirty safe death-coincidences were to be found among the 350 cases; that is to say, one in twelve about; or, making the above large allowance for forgetfulness, one in forty-seven. But this is equivalent to 400 in 19,000, or 400 times the most probable number.

Or, looking at the matter in a different way, if death-coincidences only occur by chance, 570,000 apparitions would be needed to produce thirty chance coincidences; and of the total number we may assume that about a quarter, or 142,500, would be remembered. That being so, we should expect to have to collect 142,000 cases, instead of only 350, in order to obtain thirty death-coincidences merely by chance.

But all this is based on the supposition that the apparition, in order to be counted as coincident, may follow or precede the death by as much as twelve hours on either side; whereas in the great majority of cases the coincidence in point of time is asserted to be far closer than this. And it is clear that if the apparition occurs within one hour of the decease, the probability against its *chance* occurrence is increased twelvefold.

The committee, therefore, conclude that the number of death-coincidences in their collection is not due to chance; and they feel well assured that if any one, with the most elementary acquaintance with the doctrine of chances, will critically examine their record, they will be bound to come to the same conclusion. Of that there is really no doubt, but I fear it is hardly to be hoped that opponents of a telepathic or other supernormal explanation will take this trouble. If they do, they must fall back on other lines of argument—such as misrepresentation, fraudulent collection, or some other device. That is legitimate, if they can substantiate such a claim, but the doctrine of chance coincidence is not legitimate: it is negatived in a scientific manner by the facts.

Assumption and prejudice, however, are powerful weapons in this subject—more powerful than calm and critical inquiry. It is easier and more effective to make plausible assumptions than laboriously to collect and discuss data.

An objection that may be made to the inquiry is that pathological phantasms are common enough; medical evidence is abundant for hallucination under the influence of drugs, or of illness, or of insanity. But none of these cases were included in the census; it was directed solely to the waking hallucination of sane and healthy people. And we find that such hallucinations are rare. Everyone may have momentarily mistaken an old coat or a shadow for a person; but that is an illusion, not a hallucination. An illusion is a wrong interpretation of an

actual object. A hallucination is a perception as of an object which is not there; though in the veridical cases it is proved to correspond with some reality elsewhere, while in the non-veridical cases such correspondence is not established. Edmund Gurney's careful definition of a hallucination is the following:—"A percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests."

It will be asked, how do we know that pathological cases were excluded? How do we know that the instructions to collectors to avoid them were obeyed? Well, there is a definite answer to that, too. Since the census report, and independent of it, Dr. Henry Head published in a medical journal a report on hallucinations associated with visceral diseases, among which occur phantasms caused pathologically by diseases of the visceral system. These have certain generic characteristics, so that they constitute a distinct group.

In an S.P.R. paper (*Proceedings*, vol. xix. pp. 267-341), Mr. Piddington took the trouble to compare these pathological hallucinations with those recorded in the census; and thereby discovered that the census cases, *i. e.* the sane and healthy group, had totally different generic characteristics from the pathological group. Since that time we have felt even more confidence than before in the conclusion of our census committee.

But it may be further asked, What ground have we for attributing sane and healthy veridical phantasms to *telepathic* influence, at least as a working hypothesis?

One answer is that it is the least forced or supernormal explanation we can think of. But another answer depends on the following facts.

In addition to the spontaneous cases of phantasms, we have some experimental cases—that is to say, cases in which the percipient sees an apparition of some one who is *trying* to transfer an idea of himself to the percipient's mind, without any previous knowledege on the part of the latter that such an attempt is being made.

There are fifteen successful experiments of this kind already recorded by our Society, in which ten different experimenters have taken part. The records are all at first-hand, and in every case the evidence of the percipient has been obtained as well as that of the experimenter.

Nevertheless we do not, in any of these cases—whether spontaneous or experimental—make any positive assertion as to what the particular cause of the coincidental phantasmal appearance may be. More than one cause may exist, and different causes may operate in different cases. All we can say for certain is that in most cases the real and undoubted coincidence is not due to chance.

The final report of the committee is thus summed up:

> Apparitions which coincide in time with the death of the person seen are the most important, because they are the most numerous, and because they afford the means of estimating precisely the improbability of explanation by chance. We have shown that—after making the most ample allowance for all ascertainable sources of error—the number of these experiences remains far greater than the hypothesis of chance coincidence will account for; thus confirming the conclusions already arrived at by Mr. Gurney in the thirteenth chapter of *Phantasms of the Living*.

And, finally, in italics, they say:

> Between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance alone. This we hold as a proved fact. The discussion of its full implications cannot be attempted in this paper—nor perhaps exhausted in this age.

Oliver Lodge.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

AS AN INDIAN SEES AMERICA — II: THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER: ITS SECRET METHODS.*

By Mr. Saint Nihal Sing.

A word is needed to preface what is to follow. This article is not the work of a mere observer. During the first few weeks of my sojourn in the United States, I studied the methods in vogue in journalism, as a spectator, from outside the ring. As a sight-seer, newspaper work as it is carried on in the United States appeared to me intensely engrossing. I was inspired with the desire to participate in it. So lured was I by the American way of making and selling papers, that I "went down the line," to use a Yankee expression. What follows, therefore, contains inside secrets *and not hazy, superficial impressions*—it is the epitome of dozens of months' most sifting investigation carried on by a person, who has had free access to the inmost sanctums in newspaper offices and has lived on terms of most intimate companionship with newspaper makers and sellers.

Americans are great newspaper readers. Every town of any size has usually one or more daily newspapers, besides having a quota of semi-weekly, weekly and periodical publications. Every village of any pretentions, has one or more newspapers. Even small rural towns publish magazines. Journalism—that is to say, writing, editing, printing and selling current literature—has come to be regarded in the United States as a regular, indispensible vocation of life; and men and women engaged in it look upon it as a gainful, commercial occupation.

With very rare exception, newspapers are conducted in America on a purely commercial basis. The conductors of the newspapers have either the gratification of their personal ambition in view, or the making of money as their object. In some instances the proprietor of the paper aims at accomplishing both the tasks; but despite the profession that is often made, for an economic reason, to the contrary, seldom is a newspaper or periodical to be met with in America which is not run in the interests of some political party, commercial organization, or an ambitious individual. Altruistic motives, as a rule, do not bring into existence newspapers and periodicals in America, nor are they conducted for the good of the public.

The $ sign is pre-eminent everywhere in America. In church circles the dollar is almighty; in matrimonial spheres the "greenback" [1] is king. Gold rules the journalist, stirs and sways him. There are probably some writers in the United States who are not affected by the money-taint; but if there are such persons their number is extremely limited; and the present article deals with averages and not exceptions. As a rule, the average newspaper man and woman—whether they are on the regular staff or are "free lances," that is to say, are not salaried workers, but write for publications of their own selection, receiving payment for their contributions—are pursuing their careers for purely monetary reasons. The several kinds of work involved in the production and sale of newspapers gathering news and writing it, preparing articles on current events, editing copy, setting type, reading proofs, making photographs and sketches and making half-tones from them, stereotyping the press-matter, printing it off, securing advertisements,

* "The Living Age." November 28, 1908.

[1] An Americanism for paper-money. The currency notes in the United States have green backs; hence the name.

attending to their being properly set up, and the selling of the papers produced—are considered legitimate occupations and people go into them from economic reasons.

Before commenting on an institution, it is always advisable to study the economic conditions which have brought it into existence and under which it is mantained. This is the reason which has actuated the writer in laying emphasis on the fact that the average run of the American newspapers is not conducted on an altruistic basis.

Newspapers in the American cities are run on a more elaborate plan than the country papers. We will take up the urban papers first. For the information of the average reader it will be well to add that in the large daily newspaper, the work of production and salesmanship is thoroughly departmentalized. The business department looks after the money end of the institution—all the receipts and disbursements are taken care of by this branch. The advertising department is sometimes an integral part of the business department, but more often is a department in itself. The printing department is responsible for setting up and for corrections of typography and for the press-work. The illustrating department is entrusted with the care of making photographs, pencil, pen and ink sketches, cartoons and caricatures, and making "cuts" from them. The literary department is divided into several branches. The city editor's section merely concerns itself with the gathering of local news. The reporters are sent out on "assignments" to look into topics of current interest and to interview people in the limelight and to write their "stories." These are passed on by the city editor—the morning newspapers have "day city editors" and "night city editors"—and he writes the headlines to them, hurriedly scanning through the "stuff." The copy-reader then takes hold of it, "mauls" it—that is to say, puts it into a readable shape, in many cases changing the defective construction of the sentences and rearranging paragraphs. The telegraph department, which is a feature of every large newspaper, gathers the news of the country at large and of the world. The editorial department supplies editorials. The magazine department is entrusted with the care of providing comical, light material to further enliven the pages of the newspaper. It is the business of this department to furnish short and serial stories, "feature stuff"—that is to say, travel and descriptive articles—jokes, too. All these departments are directly under the eye of the managing editor, who usually is a man of experience in many events, having risen from an office boy or newsboy to be a reporter, then to the city desk, and finally to the overseership of the entire paper. He holds all these "live wires" in proper control and sees that no catastrophe of any kind takes place. The heads of different departments usually gather together early in the morning or the evening and confer with one another, discussing the topics they are to handle and the manner they are to be presented to the public. The leading newspapers in American cities have Sunday editions, and for this part of the paper a separate staff is engaged.

These ramifications of newspaper work impress a wayfarer in America. He admires the gigantic undertaking—the manner in which the huge machinery and the journalistic force are organized and made to work smoothly and without a hitch. But the impression soon wears away if the traveller gives up his role of sight-seer and, in shirtsleeves, works in a newspaper office and acquaints himself with the secret methods in common use. If he carries his investigations far enough, it is more than likely that what enthused

him to ecstacy once, disgusts and nauseates him on better acquaintance.

During my early residence in this country, I was asked by a metropolitan newspaper with a circulation of 300,000 to write my impressions of a trial I had attended. The man who was being tried on the charge of murder in the first degree was a multi-millionaire. He had shot dead a wealthy man. They had fallen out over a pretty chorus girl. I had taken a great interest in the case—it appealed to the sense of the spectacular in me; and I took particular care to study the details, hoping that the knowledge gained would be invaluable to me in later years. My investigation showed me that an unprincipled mother had exploited her little daughter who had the kind of figure that American men like. The mother was instrumental in the girl's becoming an artist's model and posing for nude and semi-nude photographs and drawings. The girl later was transferred from artists' studies to the stage and became a chorus girl. Her beauty proved a lure to a number of wealthy rich men and sons of multi-millionaires. She was invited to wine parties and midnight suppers—and her mother allowed her to partake of these gaieties. The young woman, after a year or two of life such as is led by artists' models and chorus girls, came into the realization that her beauty was the chiefest asset she possessed and eventually she married a very wealthy man. It appeared to me that in contracting this marriage she played two men against each other, by clever manœuvres, and this led to the killing of the rival by the jealous husband.

In the article which I wrote, I stated these views, as I have set them down. I took the paper to the managing editor. He hurriedly glanced over the article—pronounced it satisfactory—paid me my time's worth. This article was to appear in the morrow's paper—which was Sunday. I looked for the "story" all through the newspaper, which was made up of several sections, covering more than a hundred and twenty pages. It was after a half hour that I was able to locate the article I had written. It was printed on the third page of the first section and had large head-lines attached to it. The reason I could not find it was that I was looking for the title I had given the article, which I could not find. The city editor had fixed a two-column headline printed in several different types. I read the article through with some deliberation. All that I could realize as my own work was my signature over which the article in question was published. The paragraph arrangement was changed; sentences and parts of sentences cut out; here and there the grammatical construction was weakened and the impression given that the article was the work of a person using a foreign language, not with correct idiom. The garbled version I read was so different from the copy I had turned in, that I was unable to see that it was my own work. The article as it was printed over my signature made me out as very appreciative of the woman, whose coquetry and love for flirtation had brought about the murder of an artist, and that she was the victim of a tragedy rather than being responsible for its perpetration. I was deeply chagrined and pained; but this one incident opened my eyes to the diabolical things done in newspaper establishments. I paid a heavy price for the experience; but I learned a valuable lesson.

The lesson I learned in this case was as follows:—The newspaper in question was interested in saving the young millionaire from the gallows. The reports of the trial and the comments thereon —even the photographs of the people figuring in the case—were paraded be-

fore the public to enlist their sympathy in behalf of the wife and husband. Before the trial began the effort was made to taint the minds of the readers with a prejudiced version. The object for so doing was to bias the judgment of the people by appealing to sentiments and emotions so that when the jurors were selected, the prosecuting attorney's effort to bring the wealthy criminal to justice would be blocked.

Having learned my lesson, I formulated for myself a plan for action. I decided that I would, in future, demand from the managing editor of the American newspapers a promise either to run the article as I wrote it, without "doctoring" it up—or withhold my name from the fixed-up copy. The average managing editor in America is an autocrat of autocrats—imperious and impatient—jealous of his time, but not very particular of yours. I will never forget the manner in which the managing editor of a leading newspaper published in one of the most prosperous cities of the United States, looked at me, when I told him that I had a good "story" to sell him, provided he would agree to the above-named proviso. From the ferocious glare in his eye, I had made up my mind that I was going to be dismissed in the most peremptory and off-hand manner; but the managing editor, having the newspaper sense, or "nose for news," as it is technically called, asked me to be seated and give him the gist of what I had in mind. I told him, at some length, that I wished to write for him my impressions of the city. Among other things I gave him to understand that his town had the most wretched car-service I had ever used in my tour around the globe. I told him that the car-conductors were boorish and ungentlemanly—that they never thought of such a thing as helping an old woman or a mother with one or more infants on the car. During the early portion of the conversation the managing editor did not appear to take much heed of what I told him of my impressions of his city; but when I began to talk of the terrible conditions of the street-car service he "sat up and took notice." He said he would take the article and, if I forebore to make any allusion to the car-conductors, he would stick to my conditions.

The story was written. I chronicled my impressions—reserving my comments on the car-conductors for future use. The article I wrote was printed just as I gave it to the managing editor. That night I went to bed chuckling within myself at the fact that "despite my being brutally frank," my contribution was given a very prominent insertion. The next day I did not find myself in the same gleeful mood. In the meantime I had discovered that the city was in the midst of a campaign for electing its mayor. The candidate favored by the newspaper for which I had written expected to be elected because he promised to give the voters better street-car service. I found to my utter discomfiture that my article was used with a view to push the interests of this mayorial candidate, and that the condition was imposed on me not to say anything in regard to the car-conductors, as the aim was to avoid alienating the sympathies of the street-car employes. For a few days, at least, after this happening, I gave up all hopes of being more astute than the American newspaper-man.

Nearly two years of active newspaper work in the United States have passed since the day I formed the above resolution; but so far I have failed to see my way clear to changing my mind. On the contrary, as time passes on, I am growing to look more and more with disfavor on American methods of making newspapers; but along with this my interest in the tactics of the American reporters and editors is ever

increasing, and for the American newspaper-man I have to-day a deal of admiration, of much the same quality as that I bestow on a clever pick-pocket, a shop-lifter, an ingenius forger or an astute safe-blower. I have always advocated "self-help," and have ever acted on such a basis, throughout my life. I have invariably looked down upon indiscriminate alms-giving; but my resolutions have availed me naught when passing a man or woman in evident distress engaged in begging. Without a single exception I have found my hand searching for a copper in my pockets, and depositing it in the hands of the beggar. Likewise, much as I deplore the tactics of the "yellow-journalist" in America, I have a fascination for his acuteness and acumen.

This leads me to say that the American reporter is unsurpassed in his enterprise. In a large city of a Western State of the Union I came across an example of the enterprise of a newspaper reporter. "The Oriental Invasion"—that is, the immigration of some Chinese, Japanese and Indians, was perturbing the consciousness of some members of the community. The sensational newspapers were printing pages of photographs and accounts regarding the so-called "immigration problem." An Asiatic gentleman came to the city and put up at one of the leading hotels. A newspaper reporter called on the Oriental, plied him with a number of questions, but found that he could not make him talk. The gentleman told the reporter that he was an official of the government of his country and, therefore, he did not care to discuss the subject for reproduction in the newspaper. The interviewer thanked the Asiatic gentleman for permitting him to make his acquaintance and went away. The same evening the paper contained a long interview with an Oriental gentleman who was supposed to be an immigration agent and was responsible for the stream of immigration that was flowing from his country to America. It was strange, it appeared to me, that a mob did not go after the man and endeavor to molest him; but he very wisely left the city somewhat abruptly.

I am relating this incident because it happened within my personal knowledge. If the leading newspaper men were to make confessions of the stories that they have made up and given currency to, the disclosures certainly would be most startling. Broadly speaking, not a single issue of an average newspaper is printed in America which does not have one or more "faked" stories.

A newspaper reporter once called on me and asked to be permitted to see picture postcards of Indian men, women and scenes, if I had any. He hurriedly went through four or five scores of the cards which I had in my possession, selected one, representing a Parsi woman in her *saree*, and begged me to lend it to him for an hour. I questioned him as to what he intended to do with it and he explained that some of the "boys" at the office had a bet on that a Parsi woman dresses herself in pants and a man's shirt, and that he differed from them. The postcard was brought to me by the reporter in less than three-quarters of an hour, and the grin on his face showed me that he had won the bet, as I knew he would. He displayed a five dollar bill which he claimed to have won, and thanked me profusely for my courtesy in lending him the post-card. I had forgotten the incident when, in a few hours' time my attention was drawn by a friend to an article about a Parsi woman-revolutionist being in the city, and I saw an enlarged reproduction of the postcard I had lent to the reporter was being palmed off on the public as the latest photograph of the "woman-revolutionist" from India.

I often sit and ponder how it is that the public of the United States puts up with frauds such as these. But the reason is not far to seek. The average reader of the newspapers is not a very intelligent person. He is able to read, but his education is of the most elementary kind. Moreover, he looks upon the evening or morning paper very much in the light in which he views his glass of beer which he drinks with almost clock-work regularity with his evening meal. He scans over the head-lines and it is the sensational news—accounts of murders, of divorce cases, of hair-breadth escapes, of frauds—that he selects for careful or casual reading. To him the daily newspaper is what a drug is to the person addicted to using "dope." He is too ignorant to be acquainted with the real conditions in other countries, and his memory is too short to recall that there is, to say the least, a striking similarity in pictures. The editors take advantage of this lack of education, and palm off old pictures upon the unsuspecting public. If a well-known character suddenly dies, and a photograph of him is not at hand, the picture of another man who looks somewhat like him is substituted. If a steamboat or other accident occurs at a distance, and it is impossible immediately to secure photographs of the scenes attending the accident, old cuts are hunted up of some similar accident that happened in the past, and these are used to illustrate the article. Pictures which originally were taken of the dead victims of a theatre fire may be used to illustrate a steamship accident or a railway wreck. An incident of this kind occurred at the time of the San Francisco fire in 1906. A New York daily waited until the first moment after the fire when a train could have brought pictures to them, and then put out an immense special edition filled with illustrations which, it was stated, had been taken on the spot by a staff artist. Everything would have worked all right had it not been for the fact that the editors who planned the paper failed to notice that every picture in the lot bore in one corner the printed inscription "taken in 1905." The entire edition was a "faked" one, and, in order to save its reputation, the paper was forced to destroy every copy of it. As a result, the editorial staff of the paper experienced the biggest shake-up in the history of the publication. All concerned in the blunder were discharged—sadder, but wiser men. Their crime lay, not in the fact that they had planned to palm off spurious pictures on the public, but because they did the trick in such a way that they were found out.

Allahabad, India.

The Hindustan Review.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

By M. E. Francis

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

CHAPTER XV.

On the following afternoon, when the girls were at work in their little sitting-room, Louisa came in with an important air to announce that Miss Leslie was wanted. The latter rose and went to the door, followed by Bess, who was not going to be left out in the cold, if there were any small excitement afoot.

Drawn up outside their gate was a battered old cart to which an extremely ancient horse was harnessed; on the plank, fixed midway in the trap, was

seated Sheba Baverstock, who greeted Kitty with a curt nod.

"I've brought your clothes," she said; "I've ironed them out and they're so good as ever—but the hat's terrible broke."

She handed down a parcel to Kitty, and continued to look tentatively at her, as though she had something further to say.

Kitty shyly drew her purse from her pocket and was about to open it when Sheba threw up her hand forbiddingly.

"What's that for?" she cried roughly. "I don't want no pay, but I suppose you don't want to let I do you the leastest little thing for nothing!"

"Indeed, I do," retorted Kitty, quickly. "I shall never forget your kindness yesterday. I only thought —as you had so much trouble with my clothes——"

"Well, I don't want payin' for it," interrupted Sheba. "Is that your sister?"

"Yes," said Bess, coming forward with her most ingratiating smile. "Kitty told me all about everything, and I am *so* grateful to you."

"Everything?" repeated Sheba, with a suspicious glance.

"Yes, all about your kindness," put in Kitty, quickly, "and how you helped me to change my clothes, and the nice hot tea you gave me. We are just going to have tea now, by the way—will you come in and have some with us?"

"Oh, *do*," said Bess, with exaggerated warmth, though she was inwardly somewhat astonished at this proceeding on Kitty's part. Still, anything out of the way, anything, above all, that held a suggestion of Bohemianism was always a delight to her.

"Nay, I'll not have tea," returned Sheba; "but I *should* like to come in just for a minute, to throw a look round the wold place. Us did use to live here once," she continued in an explanatory tone to Bess.

"Did you?" cried the latter. "Fancy!"

She spoke with such genuine astonishment that Sheba was reassured. If Kitty had not related this insignificant detail, she had doubtless been equally discreet where more important matters were concerned.

"Will your horse stand," asked Kitty, "or shall I send our man to hold him?"

"Oh, he'll stand right enough," returned the other with a laugh. "There's never no trouble about gettin' of en to stand—it's the goin' along he don't so much fancy."

She clambered out of the cart, knotting the reins on the horse's neck, and then followed the sisters indoors.

"I can but stay for a minute," she said; "I've two or three strantin' jobs to do afore I go home-along. Is this 'ere your parlor?"

"Yes," said Kitty, standing back to let her look round.

"Dear, it do look different to what it used to do in our time!" exclaimed the visitor. "All they little oddments o' things—cushions an' all—an' sich a-many books. And flowers everywhere. Our clock did use to stand there, and there was the chest there, and a sofa, and a few chairs what mother did use to keep polishin' an' polishin'; us didn't often sit in this room."

"This little tiny room is where we have our meals," said Bess, throwing open another door.

"So did we," cried Sheba delightedly. "Us did use to sit here mostly, except in winter-time, and then us did keep to the kitchen—if 'twasn't takin' too much liberty, there's one o' the rooms upstairs I'd like to see."

Without waiting for permission, she began to ascend the stairs, and burst open the door of the girls' bedroom.

"This was once my room," she said, crossing over as she spoke to the open window. "Many an' many a time did I stand here lookin' out."

"It looks right across to Farmer Hardy's barton," said Bess.

Sheba did not answer. She was gazing out intently, her brows drawn together and just a faint smile upon her lips.

At that moment Stephen happened to be crossing the yard in question, turning midway to speak to one of his men. His clear, somewhat peremptory tones reached the girls, though his words were not audible. Sheba unconsciously craned her neck and watched his retreating figure until it disappeared into one of the outhouses, then she drew in her head and glanced half-defiantly from one sister to the other.

"Did you know Mr. Hardy when you lived here?" inquired Bess with polite interest.

"Dear, to be sure, yes! Him and me was children together. Well, I must be gettin' on. I thank you kindly, Miss."

She ran down the stairs and had resumed her seat in the cart before the sisters could reach the door; and jogged out of sight without another glance either at them or towards the Farm on the Hill.

"What a queer girl!" ejaculated Bess. "Is she quite all there, do you think?"

"Very much all there," responded Kitty, turning away.

"How she stared at Farmer Hardy, didn't she? Was that mere countrified gawking, do you suppose, or was it because she felt a particular interest in him?"

"How can I tell?" replied Kitty, without turning her head. "Perhaps she does feel a certain interest in her old playfellow."

"I don't know that I much fancy your Sheba," retorted Bess, with some resentment in her voice.

Kitty instinctively felt that her sister was conscious of a somewhat similar annoyance to that which had affected herself on a former occasion.

At this moment there came a tap on the outer door, which, on being opened by Bess, revealed Rebecca Hardy.

"I be come on a message from Stephen, my dears. He bain't so very busy just now, an' he says if you was both to fancy a ride to-morrow, he'd be glad to oblige ye. He'll keep a better look-out on you this time, Miss Bess," added Rebecca waggishly.

To the last-named young lady's surprise, Kitty accepted the offer with alacrity.

Before Bess had finished expressing her personal gratification, Louisa entered with the tea-tray, and the sisters persuaded Mrs. Hardy to share the meal.

"I bain't dressed for company," expostulated Rebecca. "An' I did ought to be back in the dairy now by rights, an' Stephen—him an' me has tea together at six o'clock, ye know."

"You can have another tea then," said Bess, coaxingly. "It's only half-past four now. Just a cup, Mrs. Hardy—one cup for friendship's sake."

"Well, then," agreed Rebecca, smiling, as she dropped into a chair.

"We very nearly had another guest," said Bess. "Do you know a girl called Sheba, Mrs. Hardy? What's her other name, Kitty, by-the-way?"

"Baverstock," said Kitty. "She brought back my clothes just now. You heard all about my tumble in the river, Mrs. Hardy?"

Rebecca had indeed heard something but was anxious to know more, and many questions were asked and much commiseration expressed before she could bring her mind to bear on Sheba.

"You was a-talkin' o' that maid o' Baverstock's," she said ruminatingly. "Dear, yes, I knowed her well! Sheba, her mother did call her—she said the maid must have a Bible name, and yet she'd choose a pretty one—she was sich

a 'ooman as never was for notions o' that kind! Dear, to be sure, she used to dress that child like a pictur'. 'If I do have to work my fingers to the bwone, Mrs. Hardy,' she did say, 'I'll keep my Sheba nice.' Poor soul, little did she ever think as the wench 'ud be a-traipsin' up and down the country, working in' the fields, an' trantin', an' doin' all sorts of odd jobs as bain't fit for a maid like her."

"Why doesn't she go out to service?" asked Bess.

"Well, there, she don't like to leave her father, d'ye see—that's one thing. She did promise her poor mother never to forsake him. He'd drink hisself to death straight off if 'twasn't for her—he's bad enough as it be. There, so soon as she've a-got a few things together an' a bit of a roof over their heads, he'll bust out. Poor Sheba!"

"Poor Sheba!" echoed Kitty softly.

"Ees," resumed Rebecca, meditatively stirring her tea, "I've tried to lend her a helpin' hand for the sake of wold times, but she be a bit proud, Sheba be, and she'll not take no help."

"I understand that," said Kitty, quickly.

"It'd be a deal better for her if she would, though," went on Rebecca, regretfully. "There, 'tis terr'ble what she do have to put up wi'. There's times when the wold man be that bad she do have to go an' fetch en homealong out o' the public, an' the drinky folks there 'ull be saucin' of her, an' carryin' on wi' all sarts of impidence. An' she do go a-workin' i' th' fields—turnip-hoein' an' that—wi' a lot o' rough chaps as thinks it sport to tease a lonesome maid—she must find that hard by times. Why, there was one day Stephen hisself did have to give a lad a proper good thrashin' for insultin' of her."

"I suppose Farmer Hardy would have done the same for any other woman in distress," remarked Bess, with a shade of tartness in her tone.

"Well, so he would; that's true enough. But I dare say the chap got it worse along o' its chancin' to be Sheba—Sheba, what he knowed ever since she could speak, as we mid say, and who did ought to be holding up her head wi' the best of us, if she had her rights. Why there, her mother was all for havin' her eddicated, but poor Sheba had next to no schoolin' ye mid say. Wold Baverstock did always want to move so soon as ever she was gettin' on, an' she've a-been tranted here and there, and a-knocked about the world till ye'd think she was the commonest maid i' th' whole place. How broad she do speak, don't she?—very near as broad as I do speak myself when I do get a-runnin' on this way. That was a beautiful cup o' tea, my dears, and thank ye. I must be trottin' off now, an' do all the work I can to get up another appetite afore six o'clock."

She pushed back her chair with a laughing nod and hurried off, leaving Bess ecstatic over the thought of the coming ride and Kitty inclined to be silent.

Mrs. Hardy's anecdote had given her a better understanding of the curious state of affairs between Stephen and Sheba.

Kitty felt tenderly and compassionately towards the latter, and was remorseful, moreover, on reflecting that her own present attitude would probably bring matters to a climax sooner or later between Stephen and Bess.

The ride which took place on the following day was the first of many; the girls were soon quite at home in the saddle, and, at Bess's request, were taken further afield, being invariably escorted by Stephen.

There was but one bitter drop in Bess's cup at this time—the lack of a habit; she could not venture to ride anywhere where she was likely to be

seen in her present hybrid costume.

She announced the intention of practising the severest economy until she had acquired the necessary funds for the purchase of this garment and Kitty agreed to co-operate; therefore the sisters left off fires during a particularly severe spell of cold, and exchanged the beef and mutton and occasional chickens, which had formerly figured on their bill-of-fare, for such inexpensive viands as sausages and tinned meats.

Luckily the practice of such self-denial did not endure for long. Rebecca finding them shivering in their fireless parlor one morning, sent over a supply of logs, which she declared were lying about the place and getting in her road so much that it would be pure charity to burn them. And Mr. Leslie, chancing on one occasion to look up from his own chop to the somewhat pallid countenances of his daughters and thence downwards to their plates, which contained nothing more inviting than sardines, was so extremely irate that this particular system of economics could no longer be carried out.

"If it is necessary for you to have a riding-habit, why don't you buy one?" he inquired severely.

"Because my poor little money is all gone," returned Bess, "and my allowance isn't due for ever so long. Kitty won't let me buy anything on credit."

"Kitty is quite right," said Mr. Leslie, relaxing somewhat. "I am glad to see that she has such a practical mind. At the same time, my dear Bess, I see no reason why I should not advance your next quarter's allowance. You can then buy your habit and pay for it."

Bess sprang up delightedly, but Kitty intercepted her:—

"But, Bess, you will have to get some summer things, you know. If you spend your money now, what will you do when the warm weather comes?"

"Well, you are a kill-joy!" remarked Bess, with such energetic disgust that her father burst out laughing.

"Never mind," he said. "A habit is not a thing you are likely to want every day—I'll stretch a point for once. I'll give you a cheque now, Bess. How much will it cost—five pounds? Six pounds?"

"I'm sure we could get the Branston tailor to make one for that," cried Kitty.

"Then I'll give you one for six pounds. Now have some more chops cooked at once, and never stint yourselves in food, children, whatever happens. Really," added Mr. Leslie, plaintively, "how am I to get on with my work if my mind is distracted by fears of your freaks?"

Mr. Leslie had been apparently working very hard of late; large cases of books kept arriving; he had been even obliged once or twice to undertake a journey to town in order to prosecute his studies at the British Museum. On these occasions he stayed at an hotel, sometimes for two or three days, sometimes for longer. Kitty had been feeling a little anxious, and it was with more than a slight qualm that she saw her sister pocket the cheque.

CHAPTER XVI.

The lower barton, the barton of the Little Farm, was, as has been already said, as much used by Farmer Hardy as that appertaining to the house upon the hill; and on a certain February day one of the great ricks which stood in stately array to the right of the tithe-barn was threshed.

Ever since the morning the engine had been humming, the leathern bands swirling; the vibration seemed to penetrate into the Little Farm itself. The booming filled the sisters' heads, till Bess not infrequently laid down her fork in order to stop her ears.

"There are some disadvantages in living on farm premises," she re-

marked, gazing across the table at Kitty on one of these occasions.

The sisters were breakfasting alone together, Mr. Leslie being absent in London.

Kitty made no reply; she was intent on the letters which Louisa had just brought in.

"Not much this morning," she said absently, after a moment. "One for father, another for father—an invoice—oh, Bess, I'm afraid he's sending down more books!"

"What about the forty-four pounds, I wonder?" cried Bess, mimicking Mrs. Turnworth. "That's the second lot in a month. I say, young Kitty, our parient is going it."

Kitty did not laugh. She had taken up, with some misgiving, a letter addressed to herself.

"This is from the bank," she exclaimed. "Bess, the manager says he can't honor my cheque. He writes very stiffly. He says father has overdrawn his account already. Oh, dear!"

"What?" inquired Bess breathlessly.

"He's not going to cash the cheque father gave you for Briggs either—the tailor, you know."

"We shall be disgraced!" murmured Bess, with trembling lips.

"What are we to do?" inquired Kitty, wringing her hands. "We are strangers here—they will think we are trying to cheat them."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Bess, dolefully. "No one would ever believe what a perfect baby poor dear, innocent father is."

"I told the butcher we should pay him to-day," said Kitty. "Something ought to be done at once—and father's away, and everything. Oh, if one only knew what to do!"

"Shall we ask Cousin Marian?" said Bess, in a very small voice.

"No," returned Kitty energetically. "I'd rather die!"

"So should I," said Bess. "But she's the only creature who could help us, unless——" She paused.

"You don't want to ask the Hardys!" ejaculated Kitty.

"N-o," said her sister doubtfully. "Not to ask them to help us, of course—not to lend us money. But they might be able to advise. Perhaps," added Bess, "perhaps, Kitty, they could tell us of a good pawnbroker."

She threw herself into Kitty's arms with a sob, and Kitty hugged her, but absently.

"I don't believe there's anything we could pawn," she said, except father's books—and we couldn't touch them until he came home. In fact, we can't do anything until he comes home. I must just write to the manager and explain that my father is away. Oh, Bess, do you think he'd cash the tailor's cheque if we asked him as a particular favor, and told him father would make it all right, when he came home? I dare say the butcher would wait, but, of course, Briggs knows nothing about us."

"Perhaps if we went to the bank ourselves," suggested Bess, hesitatingly.

"I should sink into the earth with shame," said Kitty.

"So should I, but it is better to be humiliated than to be dishonest," said Bess. "It's good for our souls, anyhow."

Kitty did not stop to inquire into Bess's curious system of ethics; in her present bewildered misery it certainly seemed less dishonorable to pay a bill with money which did not belong to her than to contemplate the possibility of her father's cheque being returned to Mr. Briggs unhonored. It would be very unpleasant, indeed, to make a personal explanation to the manager of the bank, but it seemed the only course open to them.

"Very well," she cried ruefully. "I'll just see Louisa, and leave a note for

the butcher in case he comes, and then we'll go."

She left the room and Bess disconsolately betook herself to the window, looking out dismally at the busy scene in the barton.

The sun was shining brightly, and the stack appeared a very hillock of gold; the great revolving bands gleamed, too, as their edges polished with use and plentiful oiling, caught the light. As the men tossed the sheaves they joked and laughed. The smoke of the engine formed a straight, dark column going right upwards into the blue.

Bess opened the window and leaned out with her elbows on the sill. Those poor men, working so hard yonder, were all merry enough; they had no aspirations, no carking cares—Bess loved a fine-sounding phrase even in her thoughts—they did not know what it was to feel degraded and wretched—undeservedly wretched. Bess was conscious of never having done anything to earn her hard lot, her present plight was entirely due to her father's folly and extravagance, and he would never, never be any better—never—never! He would go muddling on to the end of his life, and his innocent children would always have to suffer!

Two great tears leaped out on her pink cheeks.

Just as she was about to wipe them away, she observed a figure detach itself from the group at the foot of the rick and approach her window.

Bess paused, handkerchief in hand, but hastily decided she would not wipe away her tears; on the contrary, she made haste to send a few others to reinforce them.

It was the face of a very Niobe that encountered Stephen's astonished gaze as he paused beside the window.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as Bess gave a heart-rending sob, "I'm afraid I've come at the wrong time. I'm afraid—Are you in trouble, Miss Bess?"

"Well, yes—something has happened," said Bess, "but I don't think I could tell you—I don't think I could indeed."

She buried her face in her handkerchief, cogitating the while as to whether it might not, after all, be expedient, in spite of Kitty's feeling on the point to take Farmer Hardy into their confidence. He certainly was their best friend, and would very probably be something more in time; and anyhow she felt sure he would be kind and sympathetic, and he might be able to help them out of their difficulty. Still it would have to be very carefully and delicately done.

She continued, therefore, to sob and shake her head, and to reply with broken, inarticulate phrases, until Stephen, deeming her reluctance unfeigned, resolved to press her no further, and was about to withdraw. Thereupon Bess raised a tearful face, and with many pauses and much hesitation revealed to him the quandary in which she and Kitty found themselves.

"Is that all?" exclaimed Stephen, as she finished. "I'll soon put that to rights for you, Miss Bess—don't you fret any more. I know Mr. Watson at the bank very well. I'll go and talk to him myself, and explain matters to him. You don't need to trouble yourself about it."

He raised his hat and moved away, and Bess, drying her eyes for the last time, ran joyfully off to communicate the good news to Kitty.

Though she related her tale very artlessly, and with a nice adjustment of circumstances, in deference to Kitty's well-known prejudices, the latter received the intelligence with doubtful satisfaction.

"I wish it had been anybody else," she said; "or rather I wish it had been nobody. We ought to have managed

the business for ourselves. Of course, we can't draw back now without hurting Mr. Hardy's feelings."

"There is really a great want of simplicity about you, Kitty," remarked Bess, loftily.

"Perhaps," owned Kitty; nevertheless, she remained downcast all the morning.

They went out together in the afternoon, pausing involuntarily to see how the folks were getting on with the threshing.

There is a fascination about this operation which makes it impossible for even the most casual observer to pass by unheeding.

The bustle and movement, the cheery excitement of the men, who seem at such times as these to be full of joyous vigor, the color and brilliancy which the insignificant details assume for the nonce, the brass fittings of the engine sending forth rays, the yellow straw, the golden cloud of chaff, and then the kind of rhythmic balance with which men and machinery alike fulfil each their allotted task, all form a combination as interesting as attractive.

As the girls surveyed the scene from a little distance, they observed a figure drop lightly from the stack on to the rough heap of threshed straw which had been gradually mounting beside it, and cross the yard in their direction. It was Stephen. He was coatless, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled up on a pair of arms as brown and muscular as those of any of his laborers. He pulled these sleeves down as he ran towards them, and refastened his collar.

"I must beg pardon for being without my coat," he said as he came up; "one of the men took it back into the house. I had to lend a hand myself this afternoon. I just wanted to tell you," he added, turning to Bess, "that it will be all right about those cheques—the manager quite understood when I explained, and has promised to cash them."

"Both?" exclaimed Bess. "The housekeeping one as well?" (She had narrated their troubles in detail to Stephen in the morning.)

"Yes, sure," returned he, smiling, "'twas only a few pounds after all. So now you'll be easy in your minds, won't you?" he added, looking from one to the other.

Bess thanked him effusively, and Kitty, touched by the friendliness of his tone, and his real anxiety to set their hearts at rest, smiled gratefully, too, as she said, "You are very good."

It was a little difficult to induce Mr. Leslie, on his return, to bring his mind seriously to bear on the situation; but when he did at length comprehend the state of affairs, he was hardly less distressed than his daughters had been.

"The manager consented to cash those cheques pending my return, you say?" he asked, walking dejectedly up and down. "What's the use of that, my dear girls? If there is no money of mine in the bank, then I have no money. I could only scrape up enough in London—just barely enough for my journey home. Why the man expects my return to improve matters," he added, with growing irritation, "I really can't think."

"But you see, Father dear, we had to do something," said Bess. "If we hadn't, something dreadful might have happened—perhaps we should have had a bailiff in the house. They might even seize your books."

"My books!" ejaculated Mr. Leslie, sitting down suddenly; he had turned quite pale.

"Hush, Bess, don't say such things!" remonstrated Kitty. "Let us think what is to be done. I suppose there is some money coming in some time. When shall we have any more money, Father?"

Stimulated by Bess's threat, Mr. Les-

lie made a strong effort of memory, and actually managed to recall that his dividends were due in March.

"Well, we are more than halfway through February," returned Kitty encouragingly. "That's not so bad. If you would only—only not get quite so many books, Father dear, I believe we should do very well."

Mr. Leslie drew himself up, a wave of color passing over his hitherto pale face.

"My dear children, you don't understand," he said. "Books are to me a necessity—at this stage of my work more vital than at any previous period. You might as well expect me to make bricks without straw."

Bess cast a despairing glance towards Kitty, but the latter would not meet it; her eyes were bent on the ground.

Mr. Leslie looked from one to the other, and then rose, walking leisurely towards the door; he paused, grasping the handle, and again glanced round, his face twitching with genuine emotion.

"I ask you to trust me," he said. "Some day—some day you will be glad that, to use a homely illustration, you did not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

As the door closed behind him Bess burst into a smothered laugh, a laugh that had in it more exasperation than mirth.

"Poor dear old darling," she ejaculated, "I grant he's a goose, but as for the golden eggs, never a chip of one will come our way, Kitty, my dear. He's not even growing red about the comb," added the irrepressible Bess vindictively.

"The question is," said Kitty seriously, "what is to be done? If I could only induce Father to write to the bank and say that his money was coming in next month, I daresay it would be all right. If they know he is back and he doesn't do anything it will look so strange."

She followed her father to the study, but he had already begun to read his notes, and tartly refused to be disturbed.

"You had better go and see the man, Kitty," he said with a final air. "That is much the best way of solving the difficulty. Go and see the man, and make a personal explanation of our exact situation—of my exact situation, I should say. Yes, you had much better go yourself, and the sooner the better—then we shall have an end of the matter, it is to be hoped. Now, leave me, my dear, leave me," he continued irritably, "I have been too much harassed about this business, as it is, and my work has already suffered. I asked you, if you remember, Kitty—I asked you as a personal favor, when we first took up our abode here, to guard against my being hampered in this way. I thought you would have been more considerate."

Kitty turned away without a word, less stung by the injustice than cut to the quick by the reproach. She idolized her father and wilfully blinded herself to his egotism and inconsequence. Perhaps if she herself had been more careful, more thrifty, she thought, these complications might not have occurred; she might have saved something out of the housekeeping allowance instead of being behindhand, as now, in settling the books. Well, well, the least she could do was to fulfil her father's behests and make a personal explanation of the circumstances to the manager of the bank.

She set forth alone on her distasteful errand, concealing even its purport from Bess, whose comments on the subject she was too sore at heart to brook with patience. Bess did not suffer from the same obliquity of vision as herself, where Mr. Leslie was concerned.

It was with a palpitating heart that she entered the manager's private room, into which, at her special request, she was ushered, and that gentleman's good-natured response to her first stammered words, though calculated to allay her pertubation, filled her mind with new qualms.

"You needn't trouble about the matter at all, Miss Leslie," said Mr. Watson cheerfully. "Mr. Hardy—Mr. Hardy of the Hill, you know—has already spoken to me, and practically made himself responsible."

Kitty stared at him blankly: "How do you mean responsible?" she asked, her breath coming even more quickly than before.

"Oh, well, the word's pretty plain, I think——" he paused, smiling. "You had better go home and ask Mr. Hardy," he continued, the smile gradually expanding into a laugh. "He'll tell you all about it, no doubt. Meanwhile you can be easy in your mind—we are quite ready to wait Mr. Leslie's convenience."

Kitty found it impossible to face those twinkling eyes any longer, and rose with a murmured farewell.

Mr. Watson set the door open for her and accompanied her down the passage. He continued to smile all the time, and as Kitty hastened along the street she felt that the knowing gaze was still fixed upon her.

She burst breathlessly into the sitting-room at the Little Farm—

"Oh, Bess, Bess, how could you have told Farmer Hardy about our difficulties! How do you think he has settled them? By making himself responsible for them!"

Bess, who had been curled up in an armchair with a kitten in her lap, looked up amazed at the torrent of words.

"Do you mean he has paid our debt at the bank?" she returned placidly. "How nice of him!"

"Bess, positively there are times when I think you have no delicacy of feeling. Paid our debt—I don't think it can be so bad as that—but I suppose if we didn't eventually find the money he would have to do it. Anyhow, we are under an obligation to him—I can't bear to think of that—a money obligation!"

"We are under heaps of obligations to him already," said Bess, sitting up and growing red with vexation. "You like to pretend not to see things so that you needn't be grateful—I think that's worse than not having any delicacy of feeling as you call it. You know perfectly well the Hardys are always doing things for us—remember the wood. You don't suppose it was really in Mrs. Hardy's way, do you? You think as long as you keep your head well up, and your nose in the air, you preserve your self-respect—but you don't a bit more than I, who am not ashamed to accept favors from friends and be thankful for them."

Kitty dropped into a chair in almost the same way as her father had done in the morning. Bess had a kind of uncanny sharpness, and for the moment Kitty was absolutely taken aback at the picture presented to her mental vision. She knew quite well that her motive was very different from that imputed to her, but she remained tongue-tied, and Bess continued to plume herself with evident satisfaction on her own superiority.

All the afternoon Kitty remained restless, and after tea again strolled out by herself, wandering disconsolately up the lane.

Sunset was over, but a faint glow lingered in the sky, and here and there were streaks of luminous green between heavy banks of cloud; the evening star was already twinkling, and the young moon had risen.

The sound of steps recalled Kitty's eyes from the sky, and she observed a

dark figure descending the lane with something white in his arms.

Still dazzled from the effects of gazing skyward, she took the advancing form for that of a workman carrying his bundle of tools, and was about to pass with a civil "Good evening," when the man stopped, and Stephen's voice asked—

"Do you see what I've got here, Miss Leslie?"

Going nearer she saw that he was carrying a little lamb.

"It's one of three," he explained. "We have had to take it from its mother. I was wondering if you and your sister would like to have it as a pet. There's lots of milk going at our place," he added hastily, "and they are easily brought up."

Kitty was silent for a moment, conscious of a fresh twinge of remorse. He was always thinking of them, always trying to give them pleasure—and Bess said that she, Kitty, did not know how to be grateful.

"I dare say Miss Bess would fancy it," said Stephen quickly, "it's more in her line than yours, I think."

"I shall love it, too," said Kitty as hastily. "I've been only—trying to say something else. I went to the bank to-day, Mr. Hardy——"

It was too dark to judge of the expression of his face; she could only just see its outline, and the resolute set of the sturdy shoulders against the dark background of the hedge.

"Mr. Watson told me what you had done," she went on. "I didn't know the other day—I should have thanked you more."

Stephen hitched up the little white bundle in his arms and paused before replying—

"I don't want any thanking—particularly as I fancy you think it a bit of a liberty."

He spoke with a certain roughness, prompted by his real emotion.

"I don't!" she cried, with sudden energy. "Why will you always misjudge me?"

Stephen laughed.

"Can you say that you were pleased when you heard about the thing—such a little thing, too," he added, dropping his voice.

Kitty hesitated.

"I own I wasn't pleased," she said. "I am not happy about it now, but it is because I feel that we let you do too much—that we are always taking advantage of your kindness—always depending upon you."

There was a dead silence, during which the clicking of the pattened feet of some maid at the Upper Farm was distinctly audible, and then Stephen spoke—

"Miss Leslie, I'm a plain man, as I told you once, and I can only say things in a plain kind of way—and the time hasn't come yet for speaking out all that's in my mind; but you know very well that the little I do for you is not half—not a tenth part of what I'd like to do if I had my will. Some day I'll put my meaning clearer. Shall I carry down the lamb for Miss Bess then?"

"If you will be so good," said Kitty meekly. "I'm sure she will be delighted."

She smiled to herself somewhat sadly as she turned and went down the hill with him, finding it difficult to keep pace with his strides. The lamb was for Bess, like the Christmas roses. Farmer Hardy was a plain man, as he said, and when he wished to indicate a preference he did so unmistakably. Kitty had implied her willingness to accept part-ownership of the lamb in token of friendly feeling, but Stephen evidently meant the offering to be a love gift, and as such bestowed it in the right quarter.

The Times.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

In Lecky's "History of Rationalism" an attempt is made to trace the stages by which modern civilization freed itself from the control of the Church, and now proceeds on its course under the influence and guidance of purely secular and utilitarian motives. The impression left upon the reader by a perusal of that work is, that while in the sphere of personal religion the Church may be a necessity, as a factor in the wider movements of civilization its influence is rapidly on the decrease. A sympathetic reading of history seems to corroborate that view. There was a time when the Church took in hand the arduous task of moulding and guiding the chaotic forces of society. In his masterly survey of the Middle Ages, Comte, with perhaps a touch of exaggeration, has shown the debt which modern civilization owes to the Roman Catholic Church. Lecky traces the influences which led to the decline of the Church, due to a conflict between the two ideals—the theological and the industrial. In the conflict the industrial, or as it might be called the secular, ideal received powerful support from two sources, Political Economy, and Mechanical Inventions. Political Economy, with its gospel of enlightened self-interest, struck a blow at the Church and its doctrine of the depravity of man. According to the theory of the Economists, the social world was so framed that harmony followed naturally when individuals were allowed to pursue their own interests,—in other words, from individual selfishness there resulted collective harmony. Political Economy gave strong support to the Deistic theory of the time of Adam Smith of the natural goodness of human nature, which needed only freedom to develop along the lines of self-interest to produce a harmonious industrial and social order.

In such an atmosphere of optimism the old doctrine of depravity was out of place. Theological sanctions, as Lecky shows, lost their force, till gradually civilization came to draw its motive power from an undisguised Secularism. Mechanical inventions found in the doctrine of enlightened self-interest a congenial ally. It soon became clear that a world of social and industrial harmony did not evolve naturally from enlightened self-interest, which came to mean the acquisition of wealth on a colossal scale by those who were in a position to take advantage of the great productive powers of machinery. What is known as the Industrial Revolution, inspired by self-interest, certainly did not result in collective happiness. In pursuit of their own individual welfare, the great capitalists of the time did not contribute to the happiness of the people. Where good results followed—as in the case of New Lanark under Robert Owen—they were due to the substitution of the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice for the politico-economic doctrine of self-interest. We have improved greatly since the early years of the nineteenth century, with its appalling social and industrial problems; but it is a suggestive fact that the improvement has come from the humanitarian spirit which, in revolt against the doctrine that individual self-interest is the prime motive force in life, has, under the guise of the brotherhood of man, brought back into public affairs Christian influences. Unhappily for civilization, the Church accepted her defeat at the hands of the Economists and the Deists in too meek a spirit. Impressed with the errors and evils which

grew out of the attempt of the Roman Catholic Church to wield Theocratic sway over the nations, Protestantism unduly narrowed its own claims. Instead of recognizing that it was the custodian of principles of universal import, and upon recognition of which all true civilization depended, the Church —especially the Evangelical section— narrowed its outlook upon the world, which was viewed, not as a theatre for the development of the great conception of a Kingdom of God, but as a kind of Vanity Fair whose allurements were to be shunned by the pilgrim on his journey from the City of Destruction. Such a conception meant the dividing of life into two antagonistic portions— the sacred and the secular. The harm done in both Church and State is vividly illustrated in the history of Scotland. Fully absorbed in purely theological and ecclesiastical matters, the Evangelicals looked with suspicion on all purely secular activities, with the result that from them came no word of guidance at a critical time in Scotland's history, when social habits were changing, and industry and commerce were bringing to the front new ideals of life and conduct. The Moderates, on the other hand, were equally blind to the signs of the times. The absurd optimism which they borrowed from the Deists made them at ease in Zion, and cut them off from hearty sympathy with the struggling masses whose problems are now economic rather than ecclesiastical.

In the Church of Scotland one man arose who, with prophetic eye, recognized the dawn of the new day. The hour had come, and with it the man in the person of Dr. Chalmers. In him was represented the best qualities of both Evangelicals and Moderates. With the Evangelicals, Chalmers held that no enduring civilization was possible which did not rest upon regenerated individuals, and, with the Moderates, he believed that religion could not be narrowed down to other worldliness, but must be made to embrace the secular side of life. The aim of Chalmers was to draw Scottish religion away from the Vanity Fair conception of the world, and to lead it back to the older and nobler conception of a Kingdom of God upon earth. How was this to be done? The Evangelicals had limited their mission to individual conversion. Chalmers knew the value of regenerated individualism, which was the dynamical element in life, but he could not stop there. He anticipated the fundamental doctrine of biology, that a properly developed organism implies two things—a healthy germ and a congenial environment. In their theory of conversion the Evangelicals emphasized the former, but they ignored the latter. This missing factor Chalmers supplied. He bent all his strength to the study of the laws of the social order. He urged his brother clergy to the study of political economy, so that they might be able to deal with the science of society from the Christian standpoint. His economic writings, his poor-law experiment, his parochial schemes, his labors on behalf of education, his pioneer work in the slums —these were all inspired by the great conception that Christianity has not accomplished its work when it converts the individual: it must go further, and provide an environment which will further the development of all the individual and social virtues of a regenerated society. Political economy of the self-interest school thought its work was completed when it formulated the laws of the production of wealth. Political economy as Christianized by Chalmers aimed at the production of an elevated humanity.

The great work of Chalmers was interrupted by the Disruption. However necessary, ecclesiastically, that event may have been, from the standpoint of

what may be called Social Christianity in Scotland it was a disaster of the first magnitude. It disorganized the great work of Chalmers. Greatly against his will it compelled him to substitute an ecclesiastical for a national ideal of Christianity. Moreover, it created for a generation an atmosphere of narrowness and bad feeling which cast a blight over the religious life of Scotland. Chalmers, being dead, yet speaketh. The Church of Scotland has never quite forgotten his ideals, and now even at this late hour a vigorous attempt is being made to translate them into action. Not only in Scotland, but all over the world, the ideas of Chalmers are beginning to bear fruit. Depressed with the failure of economists and politicians to construct by mechanical methods a harmonious civilization, the Church in all lands is earnestly setting itself to the study of the problem. Great schemes of the mechanical type have been tried, but the results have been disappointing. To such schemes the French Revolution gave a great impetus. From Paine to Bentham a band of earnest Radicals preached political reform as the one remedy for social ills. Another section thought Free Trade would inaugurate the brotherhood of man. Another group of enthusiasts looked for great things from Disestablishment and schemes of a Socialistic nature. Meanwhile, in the midst of great wealth and unheard-of luxuries, there exists a mass of poverty, misery, and degradation which is a glaring scandal to a nation calling itself Christian.

In "Darkest England" we have a lurid picture of the condition of the submerged tenth. At the conclusion of his statistical inquiries the author says:—

> This brings my total to three millions, or, to put it roughly, to one-tenth of the population. According to Lord Brabazon and Mr. Samuel Smith, "between two and three millions of our population are always pauperized and degraded." Mr. Chamberlain says there is a "population equal to that of the metropolis"—that is, between four and five millions—"which has remained constantly in a state of abject destitution and misery." Mr. Giffen is more moderate. The submerged class, according to him, comprises one in five of manual laborers, six in 100 of the population. Mr. Giffen does not add the third million which is living on the border line. Between Mr. Chamberlain's four millions and a half and Mr. Giffen's 1,800,000, I am content to take three millions as representing the total strength of the destitute army. Darkest England, then, may be said to have a population about equal to that of Scotland. Three million men, women, and children, a vast despairing multitude in a condition nominally free, but really enslaved—these it is whom we have to save. It is a large order. England emancipated her negroes sixty years ago at a cost of £40,000,000, and has never ceased boasting about it since. But at our own doors, from "Plymouth to Peterhead," stretches this waste continent of humanity—three million human beings who are enslaved—some of them to taskmasters as merciless as any West Indian overseer, all of them to destitution and despair.

In face of this state of matters, what is the duty of the Church? Its duty clearly lies in the adoption of the Chalmerian conception of Christianity as a great remedial scheme, not merely for the individual but also for society. Statesmen have an important place in the national life. It is theirs to adapt institutions to the wants of the time. The statesman by legislation can powerfully affect for good the social environment, but at best his work lies in the region of social mechanics. Before statesmen can have permanent influence there must co-operate with them the representatives of what may be called social dynamics—those whose duty it is to act as life-givers and life-

guiders. The Church is the great representative of social dynamics. The identification of the Church with social reform is evidence of the fact that at last the ideas of Chalmers are springing up into an abundant harvest. The one-sided Evangelical view that salvation is purely an individual affair, and the equally one-sided view of the secular school—including politicians and economists—that mere changes in the social environment will tend to individual elevation, are giving place to the true conception that neither the individual alone, nor society alone, but the full development of the individual and the realization of the individual in society, is the goal of a Christian civilization. In recognition of this, the Churches in all countries are shaping their efforts in the direction of reaching the individual by means of social influence. Less and less importance is attached to machinery, and more and more to what has been finely termed the enthusiasm of humanity. To this is due the great impulse which has made the Church of Scotland identify itself with social reform. Imbued with the spirit of Chalmers, the Church is boldly carrying into effect his central thought—that of bringing to the poor, the downtrodden, and the outcast not only a message of hope, but also providing them with an environment congenial for the development of the tender virtues of the new life. At the opening of a new Labor Home in Edinburgh, Lord Rosebery, in a speech at once felicitous in style, dignified in tone, and impressively suggestive, put the matter in a nutshell when he said that the all-essential point in dealing with those who failed in life's battle is to restore self-respect. This cannot be done by machinery, political or other, it can only be done by personal agencies. The system of Labor Homes organized by the Church of Scotland is admirably suited for re-establishing in the unfortunate the germ of self-respect. Left to himself, the outcast, however anxious he may be to reform, cannot get away from evil surroundings, where he sinks without a hand extended to save him. Now and again a stray visitor appears and leaves a tract or a ticket for a soup-kitchen, but nothing short of removal to a new environment can be an effective remedy. In the words of an authority on this question:—

> What is the use of preaching the Gospel to men whose whole attention is concentrated upon a mad desperate struggle to keep themselves alive? You might as well give a tract to a shipwrecked sailor who is battling with the surf which has drowned his comrades, and threatens to drown him. He will not listen to you. Nay, he cannot hear you any more than a man whose head is under water can listen to a sermon. The first thing to do is to get him at least a footing on firm ground, and to give him room to live. Then you may have a chance. At present you have none. And you will have all the better opportunity to find a way to his heart, if he comes to know that it was you who pulled him out of the horrible pit and the miry clay in which he was sinking to perdition.

To meet such cases the Labor Homes were instituted. Rescue work is also a feature of the new scheme. The work which began by the establishment of a Boys' Labor Home at Humbie, East Lothian, by the Master of Polwarth—whose labors in this cause deserve the heartiest commendation—has so grown in four years that now the Church has throughout the country eight Men's Labor Homes, two Boys' Homes, and two Women's Rescue and Labor Homes, while at the police courts agents are engaged to deal with cases, and to pay special attention to discharged prisoners.

The importance of reform on these

lines cannot be overrated. It solves the vexed question of individual and collective effort. Individual work in the slums yields little fruit, because it leaves the poor victims of circumstances struggling in their whirlpools of wretchedness. Hitherto collective action has been synonymous with State action, which never touches the heart as is done by Labor and Rescue Homes, where in addition to the development of self-respect the inmates are brought under influences of an elevating nature. Mr. Balfour, in speaking at a meeting of the Church Army, which in England has done admirable work in the sphere of social reform, made some observations which apply equally well to the work of the Church of Scotland. He said:—

It was this direct appeal to the individual soul which was the proper business of Christian Churches, and that direct appeal—not limited, of course, to the mere teaching or inculcation of religion, not divorcing itself from efforts to improve the material condition of those with whom it dealt, not dividing the wants of human beings in any arbitrary fashion—subsists beyond the broader efforts that fell to the politician. It was the business of the Church, as he conceived it, to appeal to the individual, to search out his particular weakness, to remedy his misfortune, to raise him from his own particular quagmire, and not to put him on one side simply because he had brought by his own weakness, his own fault, or, if they would, his own crime, social punishments upon himself. Organizations whose special work he had endeavored to describe could not go to the rates. They had not got the Chancellor of the Exchequer behind them. They could not appeal to majorities or minorities in Parliament. They neither could nor ought they to touch the political organization by which we carried on national and Imperial affairs.

There is no reason why social work of the nature indicated should be confined to the Established Church. There is much talk just now of ecclesiastical union. There are obstacles arising out of an old dispute with which the name of Chalmers is historically associated. But on this question of social reform, with which the name of Chalmers is also associated, there are no obstacles. About the Labor Homes and other work of the Church of Scotland there is nothing sectarian. The watchword of those who left the Establishment in 1843 was the Headship of Christ. That watchword represented a policy of disunion. To-day it may well represent a policy of union. If Christianity means anything, it means the brotherhood of man; and in the work of welcoming the prodigal, rescuing the perishing, and bringing a message of hope to those who are sitting in great darkness, the Churches of Scotland are of one mind. Union on the basis of Social Reform, like that carried on by the Church of Scotland, is imperatively needed; but there is no reason why union should be limited to the Churches in Scotland. England, too, has done noble work in social reform. Readers of "Darkest England" need not be told of the magnificent work which is being done by General Booth and the Salvation Army by agencies and methods which do not always meet with the approval of the fastidious, but which nevertheless are fruitful in good. The Church of England, too, has caught the spirit of social reform, and by means of the Church Army is doing much to bring the Anglican clergy into touch with the people. We hear much in these days of the decline of the Church. It cannot be because of any defect in the Church's message. It rather is because the message is not adapted to the particular needs of the time. The Church has allowed the sectarian element to overshadow the Christian element. It has been content to remain ecclesiastical when it might have as-

pired to be national in the true meaning of the term—national not in any legislative sense, but in the sense of being the representative of those great principles which underlie national well-being. In the early ages the Church reconstructed society on a Christian basis. What were its weapons? Not ecclesiastical machinery. The weapons were love and self-sacrifice. When Christianity appeared the world was groaning under a system that crushed out the human side of life; for the poor, the weak, and the outcast there was no hope. Upon the arid soil of the ancient world Christianity fell like the dew from heaven. It spoke a word of consolation to the weary and heavy-laden, and to that, and not to its ecclesiasticism, it owed its rapid progress. Can we not draw the moral? If the Church is to regain its sway over the hearts of men, it must come forth to the battle with the old weapons of love and self-sacrifice. It must have a word for those who are battling not only with their own evil habits, but also waging an unequal contest with surroundings as squalid as they are degrading. In so far as the Church proves true to its original mission of its Great Founder; in so far as it seeks to incarnate the principles of love and self-sacrifice in such beneficent institutions as Labor and Rescue Homes; in so far, in a word, as it seeks to perpetuate in loving deeds the spirit of the Master, it will be not only welcomed by all suffering and sorrowing ones as an oasis in the desert of human life, but it will regain its old position as the standard-bearer in the great contest with the forces of evil which Bunyan has so graphically described in his "Holy War."

Blackwood's Magazine.

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

Some Passages by the Way.

XXIX.

"THE OBSERVER" AND "THE STRAND MAGAZINE"

Looking back on the period of my slavery on "Mayfair" I have vivid recollection of walking along the Strand to catch a humble 'bus at Charing Cross and seeing the Saturday night crowds hanging round the theatre doors in anticipation of a pleasant evening. There was some feeling of envy at the varied circumstance between theatre-goers and myself. But I do not remember ever asking myself whether life was worth living in the groove I had voluntarily chosen. There it was. I had undertaken a task and I just went on with it, plodding away through two long years, working like a galley slave, not earning money, steadily, uninterruptedly losing it. Dear Joe Cowen never by sign or word made my lot harder by complaint. When fresh cheques were wanted to pay the printer or the literary staff his share was promptly forthcoming.

On the whole I do not regret that I went through this particular mill. It was excellent discipline, though I admit, if the boon were offered me again, I should be so unselfish as to desire that another should profit by the opportunity.

"Mayfair" certainly advanced my professional position. The public would not have it, even though I allured them by the then novel attraction of pen-and-ink sketches illustrating the text. But it was sought at the clubs and was much in favor in the editorial rooms in the country.

In 1880 Edward Dicey, then editor of the "Sunday Observer," came to me

with the proposal to write a Parliamentary article for his paper. This meant sacrifice of Saturday mornings, only two years earlier rescued from the cruel clutch of "Mayfair." I bargained for full freedom of judgment and perfect liberty of speech, conditions granted and honorably observed. For the space of twenty-eight years, save the interlude of my editorship of the "Daily News," the "Cross Bench" article has been a familiar feature in the "Observer," and has never been touched by the editorial pen. It was necessarily discontinued during my editorship of the "Daily News." As in the case of my London Daily Letter, the writer was warmly welcomed back to his old quarters when the fetters of Bouverie Street were loosed.

One article in the long series described a memorable scene in the House of Commons. On April 8, 1892, Mr. Gladstone, following Mr. Chamberlain in debate, without note of preparation, fell upon his former colleague and belabored him with effect the greater since the reprisal was free from the slightest display of brutal force. It was all rapier work. Description of the scene brought me one of the characteristic post-cards begun at the very top, not necessarily with intent of filling up the space, but with careful provision of room if necessary. It is dated 1 Carlton Gardens, April 12, 1892, and runs thus: "One word of thanks, however hasty, for the brilliant article. It has but one fault, that of excess with reference to the merits of the principal subject of it.—*W. E. Gladstone.*"

In the Session of 1892 I was a guest at one of the many Parliamentary dinner parties at which Seale Hayne hospitably provided opportunity for seeing his wonderful collection of Old Masters and tasting his excellent port. On the formation of his fourth Administration Mr. Gladstone, mindful of certain hospitalities provided by Seale Hayne in his Devonshire quarters, made him Paymaster-General, a Ministerial office distinguished by the fact that whilst it implies lavish distribution of money the incumbent himself receives no salary. Seale Hayne chiefly, if not exclusively, distinguished himself in office by a little incident happening outside Downing Street. During his brief term of premiership Lord Rosebery revived the Greenwich dinner, intermitted under the austere rule of Mr. Gladstone. It was held at the close of the Session and was marked by the ebullition of spirits that accompanies the "break up" of other schools. On the withdrawal of the cloth Seale Hayne, known to possess a fine baritone voice, was invited to contribute a song to the harmony of the evening. Blushing he consented and trolled forth "Down among the dead men."

The appropriateness of the ditty, questioned at first, on reflection became recognized. The Ministry, though not actually deceased, was hopelessly moribund. Before the following Session (1895) had sped half its way the Paymaster-General and his colleagues were—as far as office was concerned—like the host of Sennacherib encamped before Jerusalem, "all dead corpses."

At Seale Hayne's table on this particular night I chanced to sit by Mr. George Newnes, his baronetcy still afar off. He was then known chiefly as the proprietor of a weekly paper called "Tit Bits," which, hitting the public fancy, proved an immediate success. He was full of a project for the starting of a new monthly magazine, to cost sixpence and be worth at least a shilling. He intimated a desire that when the new venture was started I should join the staff, contributing through the Session a Parliamentary article. I did not think anything more of the matter, not being, to tell the truth, attracted to the opening offered by a new

enterprise when my hands were full of work for established papers, daily, weekly, and monthly. When the first issue of the "Strand Magazine" appeared and met with instant welcome from an appreciative public Newnes approached me with definite invitation to join the staff. In addition to the prejudice hinted at there was peculiar difficulty in fashioning the work. A daily, even weekly, paper is at sufficiently close range to keep touch with the current sittings of Parliament. Articles for the new magazine must be in the printer's hands at least four weeks before publication. (As the sale of the magazine went up by leaps and bounds it became necessary for my copy to be ready two months in advance.)

This condition of affairs made the project seem impracticable. Newnes, however, was not the man to have his plans frustrated by a negative. As he continued to press the proposal I invited him to lunch quietly with me at Ashley Gardens and talk the matter over. I had resolved to get out of the difficulty by demanding for the article what I thought would be a prohibitive price. I was so won over by Newnes's cheery confidence that we parted with the understanding that he was to make a definite offer for the series. When it reached me I found the proffered fee something in excess of what I had conceived to be a prohibitive price.

"From behind the Speaker's Chair" established a record unique in magazine serials. Session after Session it ran uninterruptedly through ten years. With the exception of the Diary of Toby, M.P., in "Punch," the articles brought me more friendly personal communications from unknown correspondents far and near than anything I ever wrote. The circulation of the "Strand," enormous at home, extended to all parts of the world where the English race were settled. Going out to the Cape in 1894, the day of departure happened to coincide with the publication of the monthly number of the "Strand." On the bookstall at Waterloo Station a heap was piled. Every other person in the special train was possessed of a copy. Among the ship's cargo was a bale of the magazine, and on the day after arrival I saw on the railway bookstall at Capetown a pile nearly as high as the Waterloo Station consignment, diminishing with equal rapidity.

Shortly after arriving at Yokohama on a visit to Japan there entered my room a Japanese carrying under his arm a bulky volume. With many bows and much indrawing of the breath, indicative of profound humility in the presence of immeasurable superiority, the morning caller informed me that he was the editor and proprietor of a local "Punch." Since copies were reproduced by a process akin to that of the ordinary office letter-book, the circulation must have been limited. The letterpress was adorned with abundant illustrations, some really comic. The volume he desired to lay at my feet, an offering from Japanese humorists to the unworthy representative of the Sage of Bouverie Street, London, was a bound copy of a year's weekly issue.

A parallel case affecting the "Strand Magazine" happened during a later visit to the West Indies. Through the Post Office at Grenada I received from a correspondent in one of the smaller islands, the name of which I had never before heard, a sketch of the history of Grenada with a useful map. A letter accompanying the book explained that it was meant as a slight acknowledgement of the pleasure, spread over many years, derived from reading the Parliamentary sketches in the "Strand Magazine."

When at the end of 1902 the series

was discontinued a selection was issued in book form under the title "Peeps at Parliament." Its reception was so encouraging that two years later it was followed by "Later Peeps at Parliament." Both volumes were enriched by reproduction of the multitudinous sketches by F. C. G., to whose appearance in the magazine the popularity of the series was largely due.

XXX.

ON THE "PUNCH" STAFF.

The stages of my professional career may be traced as definitely and stated as tersely as was the identification of successive additions to the House that Jack built. "Men and Manner in Parliament," appearing in the "Gentleman's Magazine" through the Session of 1874, attracting the attention of Edmund Yates, led to my engagement on "The World." The "Under the Clock" articles in "The World" suggested to Edward Dicey the idea of having something like them in "The Observer." On resigning the editorship in 1889, Dicey wrote: "It will always be a source of pride to me to have published the 'Cross Bench' articles in the 'Observer.'"

The "Cross Bench" series, diligently read by Frank Burnand, induced him, as one of his first acts of authority when he became editor of "Punch," to invite me to take up the work commenced by Shirley Brooks, just relinquished by the hand of Tom Taylor. Here is Burnand's first letter:

London: September 11, 1880.

The "Cross Benches" are *excellent*. I have watched them carefully. When you have five minutes to spare (not this week) I should like to have a chat if you will call in on me at 10 Bouverie Street any Thursday (from 11 to 4).

I was still writing the "Cross Bench" article in "The Observer," and the difficulty of carrying on through successive weeks two commentaries on Parliamentary affairs that should be absolutely distinct in style and treatment seemed insuperable. That they were to run concurrently with "Pictures in Parliament," a prominent feature in the "Daily News," was not embarrassing. That was a chronicle of current events: the others were free commentaries upon them.

Undismayed I undertook the new task. It happened that on the threshold it came near to being abandoned. "Essence of Parliament" was the title invented by Shirley Brooks when he commenced the new chapter in "Punch." It was adopted by Tom Taylor when he succeeded to the editorship. Burnand proposed that it should be preserved. I confess I did not admire it *per se*. Moreover, intending to do the work in quite a different style from that necessarily adopted by Tom Taylor, who knew no more about Parliament than he gathered from the "Times" report, I wanted to get in a note of individuality. The possibility of this I found in the dog Toby on the peerless title-page, Mr. Punch's faithful but voiceless companion. To get Toby elected to the House of Commons, thence describing scenes he had actually witnessed, commenting on speeches he had heard, was the idea I had in my mind. This I communicated to F. C. B., who replied:

Whitefriars, London:
December 15, 1880.

Dear Sir,—Have decided that no better title can be found than the old one which all are accustomed to in "Punch"—"Essence of Parliament." Now the question is Shall Toby go there as M.P., or as reporter to collect essence. Just turn this over. Sambourne has taken instructions for his picture of interviewing Toby as M.P.

However, let me know your views.

"Essence" is *settled*.

Qy., is Toby to go as M.P. (a pity

to lose this)? But if so, in Preface we must say that he comes back every evening to "*report progress*" to Mr. Punch, who returns him.

Burnand thus insisting on retaining the old title, I wrote:

158 Brixton Road, S.W., Wednesday night: December 15, 1880.

My dear Sir,—I very much regret the determination announced in your letter of this morning with respect to retaining the old title of the Parliamentary sketch in "Punch." To tell the simple truth, it is one I could not write under. It would weight me down like a tombstone.

In the first place, it is not mine, nor yours, nor even "Punch's." In the second place it was, I think, an unfortunately stiff and pedantic title—smelling of the druggist's shop—which only the ability of Mr. Shirley Brooks made passable. Finally, while it moderately well suited the style of the day when he started the series it would be hopelessly heavy and commonplace now. Then a Parliamentary summary, or "Essence of Parliament," was a new thing. Now every daily paper has one, and "Punch" coming out once a week is from seven to ten days behind the fair. When you come to try and work the thing out, as is partly done in your note, see where we are landed. Fancy Toby going as a reporter to the House of Commons to collect "Essence"!

I should be exceedingly sorry to abandon on the threshold an enterprise in which the more I have thought of it during the past two months the more clearly I see an opportunity of making a great hit; but I should be doing myself an injustice and saddling you with a failure if I were to attempt to work on the lines suggested in your note to hand to-night.

From F. C. Burnand, 10 Bouverie St., to H. W. Lucy

December 16, 1880.

The difficulty will disappear: it may look a mountain but 'tis a molehill. The proprietors have such a very strong feeling on the subject of retaining the title "Essence" merely as a heading that I am not prepared to fight for a small matter. And I do not think it will hamper you. At least it *mustn't*. Don't you bother your head about that; just settle it in your own way, and if B and A *insist* on the title being retained (they putting a certain proprietary value on it) I shall retain it, *but I shall take precious good care* to explain in my Preface that the *title only* is retained and not the thing. The new wine in the old bottle, and the sooner the bottle bursts the better. Don't let it alter your notion in the least.

Whitefriars, London: December 17, 1880.

Dear Sir,—I should like to see you for a few moments here next Tuesday if convenient. It's all right. Dismiss the idea of Essence and being weighed down. We shall make a great hit of it.

F. C. B.

The controversy was happily closed by adoption of a compromise whereby for twenty-eight years the title has run "Essence of Parliament, Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P." When the first article appeared, Burnand, then and always generous of praise, wrote: "The 'go' of it is capital: the descriptions A1. Success! It's a very good beginning."

In course of time another character appeared on the stage. This was the Member for Sark, a personage who involved me in constant correspondence. Sir Frank Lockwood told me that one time, visiting the island of Sark, he was approached by an aged inhabitant with a copy of the "Pall Mall Gazette" Parliamentary Guide, published after the election of the 1885 Parliament. It contained portraits and biographies of all the members. The owner, learning that the Solicitor-General was in the island, thought there was opportunity of solving a difficulty long troubling him, and identifying the Member for Sark.

That was probably one of Lockwood's many inventions. Certainly the inquiries addressed to me at "Punch" Office grew so persistent that, in order to save time and trouble, I drafted a circular reply, and had it typewritten. "Toby, M.P., presents his compliments to——, and regrets to state that the identity of the Member for Sark being not entirely his own secret he is not at liberty to disclose it." The circular went in the ordinary course to a correspondent in far-off British Columbia. It brought the following shrewd reply:

84 Fourth Street, Victoria, B.C.:
September 26, '02.

Mrs. Brocklehurst presents her compliments to Toby, M.P., and thanks him for his very polite answer to her query *re* The Member for Sark. A new light has dawned on her, and she thinks that the Member for Sark exists only in Toby, M.P.'s imagination, or, in the words of Betsy Prigg, she "don't believe there is no such person." She hopes, however, that he will long continue to enliven the "Essence of Parliament."

To Essence of Parliament during part of the time of Shirley Brooks, through the full length of the editorship of Tom Taylor, Linley Sambourne contributed the adornment of beautiful initial letters, with occasional illustration on a larger scale. Burnand proposed that this arrangement should continue. I was delighted with the prospect if it were arranged that Sambourne should be on the spot and draw from life. That proved impracticable, to the loss of the House of Commons and the world generally. I had noticed in "Punch" from time to time some sketches by an outsider, signed Hy. Furniss. Their humor suggested the very man for collaboration in the new departure contemplated on the Parliamentary page. Burnand, acceding to the suggestion, appointed Furniss to illustrate the Diary, making his drawings from the Lobby of the House of Commons or the Press Gallery. Furniss entered upon the task *con amore* and speedily made a hit, his work contributing greatly to the success of the new enterprise. When in 1894 he resigned his position on the staff, proposing to do something "on his own," he was succeeded by E. T. Reed, who in quite another style of work, brilliantly succeeded in maintaining the artistic interest of the Dairy.

It was one of Phil May's dearest wishes to illustrate the Diary. With time and opportunity, he would have found in the two Houses of Parliament a rare field for his supreme genius. It happened in the early part of the Session of 1902, Reed being temporarily incapacitated by illness, I took Phil May down to the House, lent him my box in the Gallery, took him into the Lobby and pointed out the celebrities. He drew several sketches, which duly appeared, notably, one of Mr. Chamberlain, seated on the Treasury Bench. They had all the charm of his marvellous art. But he was a little uncertain. After hunting all over the place for him one night I came back to the Gallery to find on my desk the following note:—

My dear Lucy.—Sorry I missed you. Just went upstairs for a few minutes. I am coming again to-morrow to lunch here. I think I can get better stuff by just wandering about, than from the Gallery, as my eyes are not very strong. I have two studies up to now—Lowther and Chamberlain.

I wonder if it would be possible to get a Lobby ticket? It would make things easier, if this can be arranged and you would not mind the trouble. I would be awfully pleased if it could be sent to me at the Devonshire Club.

Sorry, must run off.

Thine.

Phil May.

That was the worst, the only bad, thing about dear Phil. He was always "just going upstairs," or "round the corner for a few minutes." I got him into the Lobby one night with intent to draw a sketch of Lord Hugh Cecil, at the time much to the fore. By good luck we found him talking to another Member, an estimable but somewhat podgy-figured person, with rubicund countenance and abundant hair. I pointed out to May the tall, slight, stooping figure of Lord Hugh with his intellectual face.

"There's your man, Phil," I said, "you have a splendid chance."

In order not to distract his attention, I left him making mental notes of his subject, sketch books in the hands of artists being forbidden in the Lobby of the House of Commons. I did not see the result of his work till "Punch" came out the following week, when I discovered that, in the excitement of the moment, probably due to ambiguity in my direction, Phil had got hold of the wrong man, and the podgy person was presented, labelled "Lord Hugh Cecil."

On another occasion Phil, in more happy fashion, mixed up two quite different people. I must premise that his coal-black hair was treated in original fashion. It was plastered close to his head, flat over his forehead. When it wanted cutting a closely fitting bowl was apparently placed over the crop, and the scissors run sharply under the edge. The result was rather the appearance of a smooth black shining cap, tightly fitted to the skull, than the ordinary head of hair. My hair, on the contrary, has a life-long constitutional habit of standing straight up, after the fashion of Mr. Traddles. One night, leaving the dinner-table in Bouverie Street and passing him by the way, I laid my hand on his head and said, "My dear Phil, why do you do your hair like that?"

He turned to regard me with one of his quaint smiles, but said nothing. Next week there appeared portrait sketches of Phil May with his hair bristling at all points, and of me, with my rebellious locks plastered down in his peculiar style. The legend ran: *First Genius to Second Genius:* "Why on earth do your do your hair in that absurd fashion, Smith?"

The original drawing is just now on view at "Mr. Punch's Pageant" in the Leicester Galleries.

Phil May, in addition to being one of the finest black-and-white artists that have lived and worked since Charles Keene, was one of the most generous men that ever breathed. Whatever was his in the way of property was anybody else's who might chance to pass by and hold out his hand. At his various haunts—the Savage Club, Romano's, and elsewhere—he became the prey of thirsty idlers. He was always ready to "stand drinks" or ease himself of the costly cigars that on his entrance filled his pockets. It was the same with his work. A drawing by him, however casual, made the paper on which it was drawn as valuable as a banknote. If anyone admired it, "Take it, my boy," was his swift response. "My boy," took it with such regularity as to threaten depletion of the artist's portfolio. Mrs. May, a shrewd little lady, formed a business habit that checked, though it never stopped, the practice. After one of his informal evenings at home, at which some who had not been invited frequently turned up, Mrs. May made mental notes of raids on the portfolio. The next morning she either wrote to or called upon the connoisseur with polite request for return of the sketch.

It happens that of the men who sat round Mr. Punch's old Mahogany Tree on the night I was admitted within the circle, only two are present at the current Wednesday dinners. One is Lin-

ley Sambourne, who enjoys the unique distinction of having served under every editor since "Punch" was founded. Mark Lemon discovered his talent, and Shirley Brooks encouraged it by placing him on the regular staff, where he worked under Tom Taylor, Burnand, and now with Owen Seaman in the editorial chair. The other relic from those distant days is myself.

In accordance with Mr. Punch's wary habit, I served a considerable period of probation before I joined the regular staff and weekly sat at meat with them in the old dining-room in Bouverie Street. The first chapter of Toby's Diary appeared in January 1881. It was not till Wednesday, July 16, 1884, that Harry Furniss and I joined the sacred table. I believe there were in earlier times occasional exceptions to the rule, but I have never seen an outsider at the Punch Dinner-Table, set in a room as closely "tiled" as any Freemason's Lodge. When, in 1907, Mark Twain visited England, he was entertained at dinner in the room, and at the table on which are cut the initials of all "Punch" men since the first. But it was an off day, not the Wednesday dinner.

There were occasions before formal admission to the table, when I was privileged to meet my future colleagues. William Bradbury, partner in the firm of Bradbury, Agnew, the proprietors of "Punch," was in charge of the business direction of the paper. Either he or his partner, William Agnew (not yet baroneted), sat in the chair facing the editor, who presided at the Wednesday dinner. Bradbury was never so happy as when he had the staff under his charge, taking them up the river to dine royally at the "Mitre," Hampton Court, or driving four-in-hand to some country inn, where we dined and drove home, in the moonlight or the dark. When Burnand succeeded to the editorship, it occurred to William Bradbury to celebrate the occasion by a dinner at the Albion Hotel in the City, a famous hostelry, now, like much else that flourished in those days, passed away. It was a miscellaneous company of some fourscore selected from men distinguished in literature, journalism, and art. After dinner, we played at doing the cartoon for the following week. Each guest was provided with a sheet of notepaper, pen and ink, and invited to make suggestions. I am afraid none contributed to the cartoon as in due time it appeared.

It was in the autumn of 1891 that Gil à Beckett's gentle spirit passed away. Although a confirmed invalid, fighting day and night with a painful disease, he worked on cheerfully to the last, joking and smiling, though he knew Death was at the door. Several weeks previously to being called away, he contributed to "Punch" quaint accounts of his sojourn at a quiet seaside place, telling how the ruthless deadly organ-grinder found him out. For the previous year he had not been in constant attendance at the weekly dinner. His last appearance was at the Almanac dinner held on October 3, 1891. As usual a bright, kindly smile lighted up his wasted face, and through his talk lambent humor flashed.

The end came suddenly. In final delirium his thoughts turned fondly to the comradeship of which, in days when Thackeray also sat at the Table, his father was an honored member. In his last moments he babbled about the "Punch" cartoon of the coming week, in the invention and perfecting of which he should have no part.

It was he who suggested the historic cartoon bearing the legend "Dropping the Pilot," which pictured Bismarck stepping down the gangway from a German man-of-war, the Kaiser looking on from the deck. This was

"Punch's" commentary on the dismissal of the great Chancellor by his headstrong young master.

The Professor's (Percival Leigh) long day was drawing to a close when I came to sit by his side at the "Punch" table. He still wrote, scarcely a week passing without his sending in an article or a paragraph. With fine courtesy and consideration his manuscript was always set up in type and a proof sent to him. Nothing more came of it. Probably having returned the proof, painstakingly corrected, he forgot all about it, and began again. Anyhow, Mr. Punch, in his generous, paternal fashion, saw that his weekly salary was duly discharged by cheque, and kept a seat for him at the dinner-table. The Professor had Shakespeare at his finger ends, and up to the last occasionally did good service by citation, and appropriate quotation or suggestion of apt title.

It was difficult for those who knew him only in the quiet eventide of his life to realize how prominent a place he once filled in Mr. Punch's Council. When Shirley Brooks was temporarily withdrawn from editorial service by illness or holiday engagement, he handed the reins to the Professor. Why he was styled the Professor no one knew any more than why Tenniel was called "Jack Ides," or du Maurier "Kiki." Probably it had some relation to his early career, when contemporaneously with Bob Sawyer he walked the hospitals in study of the science of surgery.

In conversation Charles Keene showed no sign of the humor that delighted mankind in his contributions to "Punch." He rarely joined in the bright, sometimes rollicking, conversation at the Table.

Shortly after his death, there was published a selection of his letters. Among them were passages which all unconsciously sketched the quaint, archaic personality, with his love of old clothes, old pipes, old anything, and his hatred of everything new, such inevitably savoring of Radicalism, which in Keene's eyes, was a deadly sin.

One of Keene's few recorded contributions to conversation was his enthusiastic cry "Hear, hear!" when at a small dinner party a brother fossil enunciated the axiom, "The English people were happier and in better circumstances two hundred years ago than they are now." He honestly believed that, and as far as he could endeavored to live up to the axiom. It was said of him by one of his colleagues that for him life would have been endurable only for its new moons. To have a new moon every month was an idle phantasy, a display of the cloven foot of Radicalism, a waste of power and material.

During his early career, through many years, he had his studio on the attic floor of an old house in the Strand, a ramshackle place, quitted only when it threatened to tumble down. He was there when he was thirty years younger, and from that period dated, I fancy, the jacket with the leg-of-mutton sleeves in which, when I recall his figure, he always appears. Through a period extending over eight years I never saw him in any other save once, and then, to everybody's surprise, he turned up at an evening party in dinner dress, looking more than usually lugubrious. He got away as soon as he could, and it is easy to imagine the delight with which, when he reached his house in the Hammersmith Road, he got out of "the toggery," put on his old jacket, lit his pipe, and growled at Society. Keene had one last surprise for a gossiping world he hated and despised. He died leaving behind him nearly £40,000, scraped together through a self-denying life of hard labor.

On rare occasions, under strong pressure, he was induced to tell his solitary story. It was all about a Bakewell pudding, and, as far as could be made out, related the ecstasy of some unknown person privileged to taste it in perfected form. There was a long catalogue of the component parts leading up to the exclamation which concluded the narrative. "Ah! that *was* a Bakewell pudding!" The fun came in watching Keene's ordinarily grave face as he worked up to the climax, the wrinkles transformed in the smiles that irradiated his countenance.

One night he startled and delighted the company by breaking fresh ground. "The other day," he began, "I was walking down Kennington Road." Here there was a pause, and he added, "When I say the other day, I mean forty years ago." This story had something indefinite to do with the outbreak of Chartism, when Louis Napoleon, in lodgings in London, instinctively enrolled himself on the side of law and order, a Special Constable's baton in hand.

Up to a dozen years ago the business of the weekly dinner was confined to the work of a single cartoon. Du Maurier, whose sketch faced Tenniel's page, and Linley Sambourne, who regularly contributed his half-page or page, were left to their own devices. Now there are two cartoons, generally political in their subject, each engaging to minutest detail the attention of the staff present. The result is to double the time and labor expended at the dinner. Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and get their "Punch" at the bookstall on Tuesday night or on Wednesday morning, doubtless believe, if they think about the matter at all, that at some late hour of the previous night the cartoon was "knocked off," and went to press just as if it were the leading article in the morning newspaper. As a matter of fact, it is designed exactly a week ahead. Peering through the clouds that hide the future, its devisors, with more or less of prophetic accuracy, attempt to realize how a particular question of the day will present itself a week later.

A tragic historical incident illustrates the immutability of the rule which locks up "Punch" from editorial revision after the sheets are passed for press on Saturday night. On Friday, May 5, 1882, from my box in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, I observed Lord Frederick Cavendish seated on the Treasury Bench. He was in his favorite attitude, making as little of himself as possible by twisting his legs together and packing them under the seat. I made some genial observations about him in connection with current business. It was harmless enough and friendly towards a man whom, three days later, Gladstone in a hushed House of mourning, spoke of as "one of the very noblest hearts ceasing to beat at the moment that he had devoted himself to the service of Ireland, full of love for that country, full of capacity to render her service, full of hope for the future."

In common with the vast majority present on that Friday night, I was not aware that Lord Frederick had accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland in succession to Forster. He looked in at the House on his way to catch the Irish Mail. It was alack! his last appearance. Late on the following Saturday night news reached the Home Secretary, at a big party given at the Admiralty, that Lord Frederick, walking in Phœnix Park in company with Mr. Burke, the Permanent Under Secretary to the Irish Office, had been assassinated within sight of the window of the Viceregal Lodge whither he was bound. Earl Spencer, looking across the Park from his bedroom window, actually saw the murder-

ous tussle. Thinking it was some men larking, he took no further notice of the incident.

Early on Sunday morning I went down to the printing office with intention to delete from Toby's Diary a passage which, innocent in itself, would, published four days after the tragedy, appear unseemly in its levity. The forme was locked, but happily had not gone to press. All that could be done was to take out the paragraph, leaving a blank space, which will be found today in the bound volume—a sort of white stone raised to the memory of hapless Lord Frederick.

To prepare a week in advance a picture designated to illustrate the actual political situation of the hour was comparatively easy in the times of Mark Lemon and even of Shirley Brooks, when the penny paper was not, and the electric telegraph fretted in its infancy. Those were good old East-Indiaman-round-the-Cape days, when news travelled slowly, and the interval of a week was, in respect of news, equivalent to the space of time between night and morning as it is counted now. Yet it is perfectly marvellous how rarely "Punch" has been caught tripping, how regularly it comes out with its cartoon so directly hitting the nail on the head as to leave undisturbed the popular impression alluded to, of the blow having been poised only on the night before.

A memorable exception arose in connection with the march to the relief of Gordon. When on the last Wednesday in January, 1885, the staff met at dinner, the latest news from the Soudan showed the relief column almost within touch of Khartoum. It was clear that nothing could stop them, the only doubt being whether news of Gordon's deliverance would reach London before the publication of the next number, or would immediately follow it. The topic asserted itself, and the only question to be debated was its method of treatment. This was settled by Tenniel drawing a picture showing Sir Charles Wilson's arrival at Khartoum with the remnant of the gallant force Stewart had led through the desert past Abu Klea. Gordon steps forward grasping both hands of his deliverer, while the group of soldiers in the background madly cheer. Within a few hours of the publication of "Punch" the telegraph flashed the news "Khartoum taken by the Mahdi. General Gordon's fate uncertain." Immediately after came news of Gordon's death, and next week the cartoon showed Britannia, with sword in right hand, left arm hiding weeping eyes, the picture bearing the simple legend "Too Late!"

On Wednesday, January 13, 1892, we were in something of a similar quandary. Recollection of the former mishap imposed exceptional caution. The Duke of Clarence lay ill at Sandringham, almost on the eve of his appointed marriage with the Princess May of Teck. On Tuesday, January 12, the bulletin seemed to point to early recovery. On the next day, when Mr. Punch held council at the dinner-table, a turn for the worse was taken. Successive bulletins gave the case the gravest aspect. The Duke might linger on for a week, at the end of that time struggling into convalescence or drooping into the grave. In the meantime "Punch" must have its cartoon, and the subject must be settled on this very night.

One other subject would have been adopted without discussion, save for the peril of the young Duke. Tewfik Pacha had just died, and his son, Abbas, was proclaimed Khedive. Within the next few days he would arrive at Alexandria, escorted by a British fleet. Here was our subject ready to hand. But supposing anything happened to the eldest son of the Heir Apparent between now and next Wednesday, it

would not do for "Punch" to come out with its principal cartoon, however well done, devoted to the succession to the Khedival Throne.

We got over the difficulty by the simple but not unlaborious plan of devising two cartoons, so as to be equal to either fate. On the next morning the Duke of Clarence died, and on the Wednesday following "Punch" came out with its principal cartoon, drawn by Tenniel, devoted to a single figure, the darkly cloaked form of the Angel of Death bearing away the bridal wreath. It bore the legend "January 14, 1892." The second cartoon by Linley Sambourne, "the Under Cut," as it was called at the dinner-table, showed the young Khedive landing at Alexandria, received by the British Lion in blue-jacket garb, exclaiming, as he extended his hand, "I helped your father, and I'll stand by you."

XXXI.

SIR FRANCIS BURNAND.

The appointment of Frank Burnand to the editorship of "Punch," on vacation of the chair by Tom Taylor, was hailed with general acclaim. Here was the right man in the right place, the square peg in the square hole. The soul of humor himself, Burnand quickly recognized its flashes in others, and was ever on the look-out to secure desirable recruits for Mr. Punch's service. With one exception, the staff carrying on the work to-day were all selected and appointed during the term of his editorship. When he became editor, he found himself splendidly supported on the artistic side. Tenniel, Keene, du Maurier, and Linley Sambourne were a quartette that preserved the ancient renown of "Punch" pictures. Burnand turned his attention to strengthening the literary wing of the staff.

His success was marked by an observation made in the late Eighties by Mr. James Bryce, now British Minister at Washington: "I used formerly to look through the pictures in 'Punch' and lay the number down; now I read it through."

While still in the full enjoyment of health, Burnand, in whatsoever company he found himself, bubbled with humor. He was at his very best presiding at the "Punch" table. It is a pity no record was made of the good things he flashed forth at every sitting. We laughed and forgot. One I remember, perhaps because it was outside the constellation that shone on Wednesday nights. He and I were talking in the crowded assembly at the Foreign Office on one of the Queen's Birthday nights. A guest in uniform, starred and medalled, came up and effusively shook hands with Burnand whose reception betrayed some embarrassment. Observing this the new comer said:

"I see you don't know me from Adam."

"My dear Sir," said Burnand, "I didn't know Adam."

Tired out myself with long discussion on an especially difficult cartoon, I often admired and envied the patience displayed by Burnand. He listened to every suggestion, weighed and appraised it, attending carefully to comments. No pains were too great, no devotion of time too lavish, if in the end the right thing was hit upon.

With all his geniality he had that reserve force of autocracy necessary to one in his position. I never inquired into the circumstances, but I fancy some ebullition of this character led to what might have proved a serious matter. As far as it touched me personally, I have kept the secret for eleven years. As there is no discredit to anyone concerned, and as it pointed to a momentous turn proposed in the life some passages of which are here re-

corded, there is no reason why I should not mention the episode.

Every year, on the eve of the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, Sir Henry Tate, founder of the Picture Gallery which bears his honored name, gave a banquet at his house at Streatham, the guests being Royal Academicians or Associates. By some chance I was regularly invited to join the charmed circle, being the only layman present with the exception of Sir William Agnew, whose long and intimate connection with painting and painters made his comradeship more natural. Driving to Streatham he was good enough to pick me up at Ashley Gardens, safely delivering me home after a cheerful dinner.

On one of these occasions (April 28, 1897) he, abruptly turning the conversation, offered me the editorship of "Punch."

"What about Burnand?" I asked.

He explained that differences had arisen between the editor and the proprietors, which confirmed the latter in the slowly formed resolution of making a change.

If Agnew had offered me his brougham and the pair of horses that were trundling us down to Streatham I should have been far less surprised. It was a glittering prize dangled before appreciative eyes. At the time I would rather have been editor of "Punch" than Emperor of India. Of all positions on the British Press it is to my mind at once the most honorable and the most honored. The temptation was supreme. I don't think it cost me two minutes' hesitation before it was put aside. I could get along very well as I was. For Burnand the severance from the paper with which his name had been so long associated would be a cruel blow, not only to his pride, but to his prospects as a bread-winner.

I told Agnew that, much as I valued the honor done me, I could not accept it to the deposition of the man who gave me my first footing on "Punch," and whose friendship I had enjoyed for fifteen years. Agnew would not accept the refusal, insisting that I should, as he put it, sleep over the matter. I slept accordingly very comfortably, and on the following day sent him the subjoined letter:

42 Ashley Gardens, Victoria St., S.W.:
29, 4, '97.

My dear Agnew,—Referring to our conversation yesterday evening, I have carefully thought it over, and am confirmed in the instant impression I endeavored to convey to you.

I regard the editorship of "Punch" as the blue ribbon of the English Press. That I should have been thought worthy to have it offered to me gives me sincere pleasure. But, my dear Agnew, I do not forget that F. C. B. brought me on the "Punch" staff. I could not under any possible arrangement of circumstances be a party to his supersession to my personal and professional advantage.

With many thanks and sincere esteem,

I am, yours faithfully,
Henry W. Lucy.

Having thus obtained a *locus standi*, I had the great pleasure of acting as mediator between the temporarily estranged friends. Of course Burnand knew nothing about the conversation on the drive to Streatham. Till these lines appear in print no one outside the brougham does, with the exception of my wife, who (for a woman) is singularly trustworthy.

By exception I did not share the proverbial fate of those who in a quarrel interpose. On the contrary, when the sun shone again in Bouverie Street, Burnand wrote a letter acknowledging with exaggerated appreciation my service in the matter. Sir William Agnew was not less generous in his commentary, and we lived happily ever afterwards, or, to be precise, for another nine years.

William Agnew—Sir William, Bart., as he became somewhat tardily in view of his claims upon the party with which he was associated in times of adversity as well as in prosperity—was thoroughly imbued with the spirit and traditions of "Punch." He was never so happy as when entertaining the staff at dinner in his house in Great Stanhope Street, or when occupying the vice-chair at the Wednesday dinner. In later years, advancing age bringing its troubles and disabilities, he disappeared from the scene, to the regret especially of the older members of the staff whose acquaintance was more intimate, and therefore more affectionate.

42 Ashley Gardens, Victoria St., 1897.

My dear Agnew,—I have always intended that, when my pilgrimage to Bouverie Street on Wednesday evenings shall cease, my colleagues and their successors in the old room should be in possession of the portraits of Burnand and Tenniel, painted for me by E. A. Ward. I hereby bequeath them. Mrs. Lucy is aware of my intention, and I expect that my executors will observe it on presentation of this letter. But if you can suggest any more formal and effective way in which the desire can be carried out it shall be done.

The only condition I make is that on each of the frames shall be let in a small plate with the inscription: "Presented by Toby, M.P., to his colleagues and companions round the old Mahogany Tree." Here to follow the day and year of my death. The pictures are to be the possession of the "Punch" staff, to hang in their dining-room.

With kind regards,

Yours faithfully,

Henry W. Lucy.

"Your generosity touches me," Agnew wrote. "I can say no more; I will consider the way your wishes were best made operative, and bless you for your loyalty to old 'Punch.'"

Seven years later I sat to Sargent for my own portrait, which will also finally join the new company of my two old friends and colleagues in the dining-room where through many years we weekly sat at meat.

11 Great Stanhope Street, W.:
April 19, 1904.

My dear Lucy,—I have just come in from the New Gallery, and I cannot refrain from writing to say that I saw what I think is the finest portrait by *Sargent ever painted*, that of H. W. Lucy.

You and he are to be congratulated.

Yours very truly,

Wm. Agnew.

When I informed Burnand of my intention to bequeath the portraits to the "Punch" table he shrewdly suggested the desirability of a time limit. It is the present historic proprietary and the companionship of which I have been a member for a quarter of a century I desired to benefit. In these days of quick change of the *personnel* of newspaper proprietors no one can say what a year may bring forth. Adopting his view I varied the original intention, leaving the portraits in Mr. Punch's keeping for ten years, begging him thereafter to offer them to the authorities of the National Portrait gallery.

Henry W. Lucy.

The Cornhill Magazine.

(Conclusion.)

IVAN — "ISVOSCHICK."

It was twelve o'clock at night and a bitter frost in St. Petersburg. The air was like a liquid sheet of ice. The biting wind swept round the corners and rushed moaning across the huge square. The cathedral rose up black and silent like a vast pile of frosted iron silhouetted against the dark blue, steely sky, and in the middle of the square confronting it stood the statue of Nicholas I., a glittering white figure, seated upon a glittering white horse, the snowy mantle of both horse and rider reflecting the frozen radiance of the large electric lights surrounding them. The lamps cast a brilliant patch of icy light for a little distance on each side of the statue and shone upon the muffled figure of the sentry pacing around its base with his rifle over his shoulder and his enormous fur collar turned up so as completely to conceal his head. The brittle crust of ice with which the earth was covered gleamed brightly blue and scintillating where the light fell upon it, and, as a solitary sledge sped hastily over the open square, the horse's hoofs struck upon the ice with a sharp melodious echo, as if it were trotting upon some ringing metal.

Iván, the little *isvoschick*, had sought shelter from the wind with his sledge in a narrow by-street leading out of the square. He had pulled his fur cap as far down over his ears as possible, and hidden his frozen little hands in his sleeves. The sledge stood motionless, and the *isvoschick's* head hung forward upon his breast. He was fast asleep.

"Hey, *isvoschick!* Wake up, devil!" suddenly shouted the hoarse voice of a *gorodovoy*. Iván sprang, dazed, out of his sleep, and realized that the policeman with the astrakhan cap, muffled up to the eyes in his peaked hood of rough brown cloth, was stooping down to take the number of the little sledge.

"Two roubles for this," said the *gorodovoy*. "Move out of it, son of a pig!"

Iván, still bewildered, gathered up the reins with his stiff benumbed fingers and moved slowly off in the direction of the square. As he pulled his big fur cap up from over his ears, he revealed thick fair hair cut low round the neck after the fashion of Russian peasants. It was a tiny, pitiful little figure seated behind the huge bony horse. There are so many such little figures as his among the *isvoschicks* in St. Petersburg, with childish faces under the high, round *isvoschick* hat in the summer, and the gigantic fur cap in the winter.

Iván yawned, settled his cap, shivered, and quickened his pace as he saw a gentleman in a thick fur coat crossing the street at the end of the square.

"You don't want an *isvoschick?*" inquired Iván insinuatingly, as he reached the pedestrian's side.

Petr Petrovitch got into the sledge, giving an address, and pulled the fur rug over his knees.

"A cold night," he remarked. "Will the frost last, *isvoschick?*"

"If God wills it, Barin," said Iván, unconsciously giving the invariable answer returned by every *isvoschick* to the invariable question.

"He's a greedy dog, the frost," remarked Petr Petrovitch, "he eats everything he finds."

"Aye, Barin," returned Iván, "he bites the heart as well as the nose."

"Yours is a cold trade in the winter, *isvoschick*. You don't get too warm sitting on your box all night?"

"A cold trade, Barin. Every rag upon you freezes till your shirt is colder

than the snow. It's worse than sitting naked. You can't feel scalding tea run down till your inside gets thawed. You can't feel your hands and you can't feel your feet, and you can't feel what you're sitting on, and your eyelids sting like nettles."

"And how's business, *isvoschick?*"

"Bad, Barin, bad! Three roubles fine to the *gorodovoy* last month. Two just now. Two roubles, he said."

"Oh-ho! What's that for?"

"Maybe God knows, Barin. I've stood in the same place for a week past, and the *gorodovoy* said nothing."

"You were asleep?"

"Asleep, Barin."

"You might have got frozen to death in this frost. Where do you sleep in the day-time?"

"In the stable, Barin, near the horse. Two roubles gone again. Maybe God knows what for."

"Perhaps," suggested Petr Petrovitch, "you had been drinking a little glass of *vodka* and had stopped in the wrong place?"

"I? *Vodka*, Barin? No, not I. No *vodka* for me. I'm sixteen years old, and I've never tasted *vodka*. It's bad, Barin. It makes a man drunk; it makes him like a dog. You can say to him, come here, and he'll come, or go there, and he'll go. You can hit him and he'll fall flat. No drink for me."

Iván turned right round on the box in his excitement and looked at his fare, and Petr Petrovitch, noting the wide blue eyes in the pale, childish face felt a thrill of pity.

"And do you think, little pigeon, that you will be able to stand firm till you are a man?" he asked.

"With God's help, Barin, I'll stand firm. At home in the village, when I lived in the family, the brother was always drinking. It wasn't a life, Barin, it was a thorn-brush! Brother swearing, wife crying, children screaming, old people fretting. So I got up and I said to the old ones, 'Don't cry little mother; don't grieve, little father. I'll go to St. Peters and work and get rich, and you shan't sorrow in your old age.' I'm not rich yet," said Iván, with a little laugh, "but I've tasted no *vodka*. At night when I go to the shelter, the little brothers say to me, 'Curse your tea, little pigeon! Drink a glass of *vodka*, that will bring the life back into you.' But I say, 'no, no. Tea for me. None of your hell-fire for me, I say.'"

Iván made this speech in that peculiarly sweet sing-song voice common to the St. Petersburg *isvoschick*. A "fare" always enters into conversation with his driver. The *isvoschick*, in his melodious, unchanging drone, can give as much accurate information of the topics of the town as the columns of a newspaper. He is exceedingly loquacious; an encyclopædia of the quaint sayings and proverbs of the people. He has a large fund of quiet humor and the shrewdest observation. He is kicked and fined by the *gorodovoy*, beaten and exploited by his master; he snatches his sleep partly in the stable with the horses, and partly on his box while waiting for a fare; he is perpetually in a state of semi-starvation; his earnings amount to some six shillings a month when fines are paid—but through it all he never loses his sunny geniality, his ready appreciation of a jest, his faculty of telling repartee. He is a sagacious, good-humored, helpless, down-trodden being with no rights, no refuge, no protection.

"You are quite alone here in St. Petersburg?" inquired Petr Petrovitch.

"Alone, Barin, alone. I've been alone and I've been cold ever since I left the village."

There was silence for a time. The tall, bony horse trotted wearily along the quay beside the frozen Neva. The Winter Palace loomed dark and gloomy upon the right hand, depressing with its color as of congealed blood

powdered now with snow, and through the distance, in the middle of the frozen river, gleamed the lantern in the gateway of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The deep voice of its cathedral bell at that moment tolled out across the snow with the solemn chime: "Praise God and thank Him! Praise God and thank Him!"

"Barin," said Iván suddenly, "what makes the people drink so much? Our little brothers, the peasants, for instance—what makes them drink so much?"

"Who can tell, my boy?" answered Petr Petrovitch. "They have a song, you know:

> Drink, drink drink,
> And the anguish will pass!"

"The anguish will pass," repeated Iván musingly. "What does it mean, Barin, the anguish will pass?"

"Well, I suppose it means that when a man is cold or hungry or miserable the drink makes him sleepy and stupid so that he doesn't feel the pain and forgets his unhappiness. Anguish means some great unhappiness and the drink makes a man forget it for a time."

"He wouldn't feel the cold, Barin?"

"*Vodka* would warm him at first, and afterwards, as I say, it makes him so stupid that he doesn't feel anything."

"Is it true, Barin?"

"I can't speak from my own experience," said Petr Petrovitch with a smile. "But most people who drink describe the sensation in the same manner, I think. Drink is a very harmful and shameful thing, and it makes a man, as you say, like a dog. But still, one musn't judge too harshly. Sometimes a man has more sorrow than he can bear, and no help and no comfort, no one to care. Then it sometimes happens that he turns to drink for consolation and a little peace. I think it is often like that with your little brothers, the peasants. That's my door, my boy. Good-night 'little pigeon.' God help you. God keep you."

Iván took his fare and began to dig in his capacious top-boots to find his purse. He had gained sufficient experience in his few months of town life to know that no *isvoschick* who would prosper sticks his purse into the breast of his coat. Twice his earnings had been stolen from him as he sat upon his box temporarily overcome in the perpetual struggle with that harassing enemy, sleep. There is a brotherhood of thieves in St. Petersburg who gain a fat livelihood by pilfering the earnings of the unwary *isvoschick*.

"God help you. God keep you," murmured Iván, repeating the last words of Petr Petrovitch, and suddenly for some reason the tears sprang into his eyes.

The big horse moved slowly down the street, and Iván pondered.

"That's a good Barin," he thought. "He has a golden heart. 'God bless you,' he said. 'God keep you. Yours is a cold trade in the winter, *isvoschick*,' he said. He knows."

The tears rose to his eyes again, and he felt inclined to cry. But the sensation was so strange to him that he hardly knew the meaning of it.

The night grew darker, and the frost more bitter. The horse, according to custom, stopped near the kerbstone and stood there; the *isvoschick* dropped the reins and buried his hands in his sleeves. He was still musing.

"'Drink, drink, drink, and the anguish will pass.' The Barin said it means that when a man is cold and hungry and miserable, the drink makes him forget it. It makes him warm. I said, 'I've been alone and I've been cold ever since I left the village.' 'Alone,' I said, 'and cold.' That's true, it's true enough," thought the little *isvo-*

schick, and a big tear dropped upon the rug covering his knees.

"The anguish will pass," the words rang persistently in his head. "Anguish means some great unhappiness. Oh, it's being alone and the cold that's so bad; the cold and being alone. That's what it is."

Another tear rolled down his cheek. The numberless new and hard experiences crowded into the short time which had elapsed since his proud boast to the old people, the blows, the curses, the hunger, the cold, the terrible weariness, and above all, the loneliness, the pitiless indifference of the great city rose up before him and the tears began to follow one another. He knew now that he would never send a rouble back to the village, that he would never possess the money to take him home again, perhaps he would never be able to spare enough *kopecks* to pay the letter-writer and the stamp and to send the little father and mother a letter. He would be alone, always alone, and there was no one who would help him, no one to care. The words of Petr Petrovitch recurred to him:

"Sometimes a man has more sorrow than he can bear, and there is no help, no comfort, no one to care."

"He knows, he knows, he knows," thought little Iván. A wild impulse seized him to go back and find the Barin again; but he knew that such a thing was impossible.

And a drunkard reeling past, shouting the refrain of a rollicking chorus, received a shock which nearly served to sober him. The *isvoschick* on the sledge at the corner of the street, leaning forward with his arms upon his knees, was sobbing bitterly. The sight was so extraordinary that it jarred even upon drunken senses. The man paused for a moment, stopped singing and stood shaking and wavering, gazing in tipsy astonishment at the incredible phenomena. But the *isvoschick* did not raise his head, and the hopeless sobbing continued. The drunkard moved a few steps forward, paused, shook his head, and finally reeled off silently homewards.

In the small hours of the morning, when Iván entered the *traktir*, the fat proprietor said to him as usual from behind the counter: "Tea for you, eh, *isvoschick?*"

But Iván answered him:

"No, little uncle, *vodka*. I'm cold."

The time wore on and the bony horse dozing in the courtyard with the little sledge behind him woke up at intervals to wonder why his little master did not come to drive him out into the streets again.

But Iván was in the *traktir* fast asleep, with his head upon the table. His cap lay beside him, and his mass of shaggy fair hair was shining in the gaslight. It would have been very difficult indeed to awaken him from that death-like sleep of exhaustion and a strong dose of *vodka* combined. And if they had awakened him he would never have been able to drive the tall horse out between the court-yard gates.

J. Saturin.

The English Review.

THE ART OF BEING ILL.

All invalids are allowed the courtesy epithet of interesting. Yet there are some who renounce the homage and solicitude to which their state entitles them. The illnesses of our friends indeed convince us that, while there is perhaps more general love of attracting notice in the world than ever, and

while innumerable fictitious demands are made upon the attention of tender minds, there is also a great deal of austerity and shyness among the sick. There are persons who can easily be persuaded to talk about *your* illness, but whom nothing will induce to talk of their own. They are prepared to be ministering angels, but draw back at the suggestion that any angel should minister to them. After some observation, we declare our belief that the English world is divided into two classes: those who like being the centre of interest on a sick-bed, who make the most of their temporary privilege of extorting sympathy from every quarter, and who are inclined rather to emphasize than to dismiss their sufferings; and those who seem to think that talk of their illness would be a kind of uncalled-for confidence in the world's ear. The first class really snatch a fearful pleasure from being ill,—if not too ill, but just ill enough; the second, however ill, would pretend that they are not ill at all, and perhaps at an opening word of sympathy they retire before the threat of genial comfort as an owl before the radiance of the sun. The first class are, in one way, like Lamb in his sickness, who felt that his sick-bed was a throne from which he administered a hushed and obsequious kingdom, and from which he descended reluctantly into the deserts of convalescence, where he could barely arouse anxiety. The second are like sick animals, which, with the intuitions of helplessness or death upon them, slip away to some quiet corner where their weakness shall not be a provocation to the strong, or where their "bout of passive strife" shall be unwitnessed and undisturbed. The present writer confesses impenitently that he belongs to the first class. If he cannot be interesting at any other time, why should he not exact his full privilege of being considered so when he is ill? And the opportunities are so rare! His friends of the other class assure him that the rarity of the occurrence is the whole explanation of his tolerance of illness. But he is sure that there are other explanations. Sickness has many compensations, and there is an art in understanding these and contriving comparatively to enjoy them. Let us be ill, he says, with a certain style and sincerity. If there is sympathy to be had, let us have it. And not only for our own sake, for, like mercy, sympathy is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. The hand that ministers the beef-tea or plies amateurishly the clinical thermometer (all too often, and to the despair of the jealous doctor) acquires merit under his incentives.

The theory works out quite simply. Have we a headache? All the world shall know it, even if we make the headache worse in spreading the news. No doubt there is quiet heroism in the people who continually emulate the Spartan boy, and would let the fox eat out their heart while they kept an ordinary countenance. And let us record here our observation that this heroism is more common in women than in men. Who does not know the person who, being persistently challenged, at length admits that he or she has been racked with pain for hours or days? Splendid, but, we must venture to add, mistaken, austerity! No; we will be ill in style, and be as interesting as we may. Let us not be too sure that silence and reserve are true consideration for our friends, when unconfessed sickness may be accompanied by a harvest of whims and perversities all inexplicable to the onlooker. The present writer knows a nurse whose stern but wholesome face relaxes at the first whisper of illness in the house. Her eye brightens; there is a "case"; professional zeal quickens; she is about to come into her own. The chamber of

sickness is the temple of her happy devotion.

Our memories of sickness are not unpleasant. There was an agreeable sense of having burned our boats, or of having audaciously taken the decision that the stars must stand still till we were well enough to help them to revolve once more in their courses. There was something in this bold interruption of routine that was desperate to the point of exhilaration. "Tie up the knocker. Say I'm sick. I'm dead," as Pope writes in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. That has the right spirit of nonchalance. The world can go hang. For a few days at least let it be incredible that everything will be performed in the universe just as though we had not dropped out of the strife, and incredible that we shall see no difference in the complexion of the material world when we return.

But perhaps most of our memories come from the insignificant illnesses of childhood. Then the world responded feverishly to one temperature, and romantic imagination galloped unchecked by the elderly laws of probability and experience. The small voyager moved in tumultuous scenes, riding on invisible steeds in aerial flights, whirled round and sucked down by maelstroms; and the world of flickering lights at night was peopled with goblins and wizened and peaked faces which marched in battalions on the walls. Then it was discovery itself to hear the wakeful clocks chiming through the night, to see "the casement grow a glimmering square" as the day approached, to know that there was a life of the night as well as a life of the day, and that in it cocks crowed and birds chattered and piped fitful notes. Surely it was with such memories in his mind that Dickens made the golden ripple on the wall spread out into a river and bear away the unresisting life of Paul Dombey. It was in such circumstances many of us learned that the invalid is encouraged to make his selfishness the pleasure of his attendants, and, rejoicing, to refine upon that privilege. The present writer finds that to this day certain food, or even the thought of it (rusks and barleywater, to wit), recalls a scene where his bed was set, with the proper degree of pomp and importance, in the middle of a large room. That "pleasant land of counterpane" was his Pisgah from which were seen many glimpses of promised lands; to it were brought the due offerings of anxious relations; and, above all, it was the vantage-point from which the firelight panoramas could be seen chasing round the equidistant walls, and it was underneath the very middle of the dissolving firmament of ceiling.

"If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed," says Lamb. Yes, indeed; but we want the regality, not the solitude. Until we are exceeding ill we shall not turn our face to the wall, but rather be like the "Sick King in Bokhara":—

> Happy he who lodges there!
> With silken raiment, store of rice,
> And for this drought, all kinds of fruits,
> Grape-syrup, squares of colored ice,
>
> With cherries served in drifts of snow.

Even in excessive weakness we may plumb interesting and romantic depths when the hold of the body on the mind slackens. The governing senses are not oppression and awe as Browning perceived; and in singing that truth he for ever rebuked the morbidity which turns a physical crisis only to the belated instruction of a man's moral nature:—

> What is he buzzing in my ears?
> "Now that I come to die,
> Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"
> Ah, reverend sir, not I!

The confused but active brain saw only a rustic scene reconstructed by the physic bottles. There, in that spot, was where the sick man used to go courting:—

At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper,
There watched for me one June.
A girl; I know, sir, it's improper,
My poor mind's out of tune.

A proverb prescribes for sickness Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. The merry heart goes all the way in all but the worst sicknesses.

The Spectator.

The art of being ill enables one to turn the interruption of normal life into an experience almost comparable with a holiday. Having made up one's mind that one has "the leisure to be ill," one is free to employ that leisure to take stock of one's position, reflect on the past, and resolve handsomely for the future. And when one returns to life, the world has all its values sharpened and more distinct, and it is possible to date events from the period in which one swelled—as we must confess after all—into a giant of self-importance.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF DARWIN.

It is just 100 years since Charles Darwin was born. A man of weak health throughout life, and, what is more, a genius of infinite patience, he brooded over his great work for nearly a quarter of a century, and it was not until he was fifty years old that "The Origin of Species" saw the light. In days when a new idea lives for a week, if it lives at all, and the up-to-date theorist will produce you a new hypothesis to explain most complex facts while you wait, there is something chastening in the reflection that the one theory of the last century which more than any other has moved the world was incubating for twenty full years in the patient mind of its originator before he could so far satisfy himself that it was well grounded as to put it into print. Even then Darwin would have held back longer but for the simultaneous trend of Dr. A. R. Wallace's mind in the same direction. The conception of evolution was, in fact, in the air in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the simultaneous development of the theory of natural selection in two minds, working independently, is in itself no more remarkable, though no less interesting, than the coincidences between the work of Newton and Leibnitz, or between that of Hamilton, Joule, Meyer, and Helmholz. It was not, in fact, the conception of organic evolution which was Darwin's great original contribution. The idea of the origin of the infinitely manifold forms of organic life from simpler types, and perhaps, in the end, from a single primitive ancestor, had been discussed more or less actively for at least two generations, and applications of the theory had even been made to the world of mind by Herbert Spencer four years before the publication of "The Origin of Species." Darwin, then, did not originate the theory of organic evolution, nor did he prove it, for to this day it cannot be said that final proof has been attained, and it may be that proof, in the rigid sense, of such a theory is unattainable. What Darwin did precisely was, by the aid of a simple but far-reaching hypothesis, to bring the theory for the first time into contact with an immense body of facts, to show that it could be utilized, as every scientific hypothesis ought to be

utilized, to explain difficulties and contradictions, to throw light upon what was obscure, to give meaning and significance to what was otherwise valueless lumber.

Darwin had before him two great masses of fact. There were the vast classifications of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, classifications showing that individuals could be referred to species, that species could be grouped together in genera, and genera in turn could be brought into higher groups rising one above another till they reached the great Orders that were in their turn ranged into the Classes, of which the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdoms respectively could be shown to consist. What was the meaning of these gigantic systems in which every living thing could be referred to its place? Were all these Species, Genera, Orders, and Classes, nothing but a wonderful arrangement of desks and pigeon holes for convenience of reference in which the omniscent naturalist could place every object with which he had to deal? Was the name of genus and species nothing but a label, and was the work of the naturalist to remain at bottom no more significant than that of a skilled maker of catalogues? On the pre-Darwinian view it was difficult to see any escape from this conclusion. The classification was there, but if each species was an independent creation arising side by side with others, but having no vital connection with any of them, the whole thing appeared without plain meaning or purport. On the other side there was the geological record, the fact that incorporated in the stratified remains of earlier portions of the earth's surface were the imprints of a succession of forms, animal and vegetable, resembling and yet differing from those which people the world at the present day. There was the fact that in the strata nearest to our own period the resemblances were closer to the forms we now see, and that, as we get to older and older strata, so the resemblances become more remote and the differences more accentuated. There was the fact that differences of species were the first to disappear and that as we ascend to the more fundamental characteristics of an organic type, so, on the whole, we are able to trace them further and further back into the abyss of geological time. Had this succession any meaning or was this fossilized history of life to remain a mere mass of brute fact, ascertainable but unintelligible? To these questions the Darwinian theory supplied an answer. If one conceived the simpler, more elementary types of life reproducing their kind, multiplying, extending over the face of the earth, and engaged in a ceaseless struggle for food and warmth, for the means of subsistence and reproduction, one could imagine also changes coming into being in such a type in response to the repeated struggles of each individual to adjust itself to its environment.

It was on the nature of this adjustment that everything turned. Lamarck had held that the very effort of the individual would have an effect upon his descendants, that the mere exercise of limb would not only strengthen the limb itself in the individual, but would tend to survive in the next generation so that a progeny of stronger limbs would result. This crude and simple view could never explain the whole of the facts. Darwin did not, like the more advanced among his followers, reject in its entirety the Lamarckian theory. He never denied the possibility that the use and disuse of parts might have its effect in heredity, or, in the technical phrase, that acquired modifications might be passed on to descendants, but it was not on this possibility that he relied. He con-

ceived a simpler, but more far-reaching theory of adjustment, for the purposes of which it was necessary to assume nothing beyond causes which could actually be seen at work in miniature. It was necessary to assume in the first place that individuals vary from the parent stock, as we know that they do; it was necessary to assume that some of these variations will be better adapted to the conditions of existence than others, which is scarcely to be denied; and it followed that the individuals who so varied would in the long run, and taking large numbers into account, survive in larger ratio than others. It followed again that their descendants, starting from the point which they had achieved and varying in the same way in all directions, some for good and some for evil, would be subject to the same sort of elimination on the one hand or of selection on the other; and it followed accordingly that the forms of organic life would undergo in the course of time a greater or less degree of modification. How far this modification would go indeed there was no clear evidence to show, but there was at least the abstract possibility that in this way a simple generic type might by the accumulation of differences split up into species, and these might sub-divide in turn. In this way, as Darwin triumphantly showed in his chapter on Classification, an order resembling that which we actually find in the organic world might be evolved from a very few original forms, and even from a single type.

Since Darwin's time a host of investigators have worked upon the actual mechanism of heredity. The intimate structure of the cell and the mechanism of reproduction, almost unknown when "The Origin of Species" was published, have now yielded up a great part of their secret to the microscope. The aid of mathematics has been called in to elucidate the problems of inheritance, and the nature of variation and the degree in which it is inherited have become matters of exact statistical study. The work of Mendel, whose experiments on heredity were published within seven years of "The Origin of Species," and remained wholly unknown for an entire generation, has been rediscovered, and experiment has been called in to the aid of statistics in the study of variation and inheritance. Most important of all, perhaps, for the final acceptance of the Darwinian theory, it has been shown that the material upon which natural selection has to work is not wholly confined to the small individual variations to which Darwin virtually confined his attention. It is a verified empirical fact that larger, or, as they are called, discontinuous, variations also occur—that they are frequently stable, and probably become the source of new types. The work of De Vries, while tending to modify our conception of the way in which natural selection works, makes it far easier than before to attribute to it the vast effects with which it was credited by Darwin.

The work of Darwin, of course, has had its effect far outside the regions of biology. Everywhere men talk and think in terms of development; and the conception of progress by selection, the survival of the fittest, and the gradual adaptation to environment, are not so much distinct ideas, as categories of thought which shape the mind and determine the way in which every problem is handled. That as such they have often degenerated into a most uncritical usage is a fact to be admitted and deplored. In particular the domination of biology has had a disastrous effect in the field of social and political reform. It has given the seeming sanction of science at one time to a soulless commercialism, at

another to the overweening pride of race and the lust of dominion. By one of the paradoxes to which the history of thought is prone, the theory of progress has been in the main a weapon in the hands of intellectual and moral reaction. But every new theory has to go through its infantile diseases. The worst of these arises from that distemper of the mind, peculiarly prevalent in the half-educated world of modern thought, which prompts men to pick up the ideas which specialists have elaborated for their own purposes in their own departments and apply them indiscriminately as catch words to settle questions arising in another sphere. But social life and organic life are not the same thing, and though human society, if Darwin is right, has developed out of the animal world, it is none the less a new product, it lives and moves and has its being in accordance with laws of its own. Just as no scientific ingenuity could explain the simple fact of consciousness in terms of the utmost elaboration of physical process, so no analysis of science can resolve a code of ethics or a conception of religion into a product of the organic struggle. On the contrary, ethics and religion and the whole work of civilization have as one of their main functions the task of repressing the brute struggle for existence, along with much else that belongs to the mere animality of man.

The Nation.

THE ROYAL INVASION OF GERMANY.

The visit of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra to the German capital should go far towards breaking down the deplorable misunderstanding which has long been troubling Europe. The brilliant and stately reception of the Royal party, the hearty welcome accorded them in the streets, the cordiality of the speeches at the State banquet, make an excellent beginning towards impressing the popular mind and altering the tone of much professedly patriotic but really mischievous and inflammatory journalism. But the most thoroughly satisfactory element in the series of international courtesies, which marked the visit, is the splendid civic ceremony in the Rathaus, the first parallel in the history of the German capital to the municipal welcomes customarily accorded to foreign potentates by the Corporation of the City of London. The municipal greeting, though briefer and less formal than the banquets at the Guildhall, is not less effective in emphasizing the popular and national character of the welcome, and reminding the world of the place taken by the civic element in German society. Even the unemployed demonstrations, which marred the unanimity of the welcome, are a timely intimation of the grave economic problems common to both countries, which can only be solved in a time of permanent peace, and must inevitably be aggravated by the uncertainty and unproductive expenditure set up by persistent rumors of the possibility of war. Of course, there is a danger in exaggerating. Foreign policy, for Great Britain at any rate, is, and must always be, controlled by Ministers responsible to Parliament. But just because this is so, we are extremely glad that the impression of the importance of the King's visit is heightened by the presence of the Lord Privy Seal. The visit, of course, is primarily a return for that paid by the Kaiser to the British Court and the City of London in the autumn of 1907, and on its domestic side a sequel to the passing vis-

its annually paid to him by the King. As it is one of a series, it proves that the relations between the two Courts and Governments are infinitely better than might ordinarily be inferred from the tone of certain politicians in both countries and their organs in the Press. But the special cordiality with which it has been invested on both sides should intensify the pacific significance popularly ascribed to it, and abate the theatrical bogey which has been conjured up for the purpose of another raid on the Exchequer.

It is possibly something more than a happy coincidence that the formal settlement of the Franco-German misunderstandings with regard to Morocco should have been achieved on the day of the King's arrival in Berlin. France has formally declared her intention of upholding the integrity and independence of the Shereefian Empire, and of maintaining the open door; Germany has accepted the declaration unreservedly, and has thereby implicitly destroyed those hopes of colonies and naval stations and commercial monopolies which have been entertained in regard to that region by the prophets of "German expansion"; and the two countries have agreed to work together harmoniously, through joint companies, in developing the large resources of Morocco. The negotiations have been lengthy, and have been preceded by various abortive attempts at an understanding; but now Germany agrees to interpret the Act of Algeciras in the sense attached to it by Great Britain from the first. German enterprise receives its fair and legitimate satisfaction, and French Radical politicians are relieved of their fears that Morocco may become a second Tunis, harder to subdue and more dangerous when subdued to the relations of France with the rest of Europe. The agreement, of course, implies no "freezing out" of other nations, no detriment to the enterprise of Great Britain or Spain; it merely removes one of the most fertile causes of alarm for European peace. Doubtless others remain: the Near East still bristles with awkward problems; the Conference is still remote; the recurrent friction between Italy and her present ally but ancient enemy may very possibly be aggravated during the impending General Election in the Italian kingdom, and the question of the next renewal of the Triple Alliance may set up fresh doubts as to the European equilibrium.

Still, we have just seen one fount of alarms abated, and another practically dried up; and it may fairly be asked whether the improvement cannot be made to affect national finance. Men of middle age remember the time when the designs attributed to Napoleon III. and the Chauvinistic speeches of his political and military admirers set up a belief in the inevitableness of a war between Great Britain and France. Both countries, while nominally in alliance, built ships and forts against each other, though on the comparatively modest scale of the Budgets of those days; and the Gloire and the Magenta were responded to by the Black Prince and the Warrior. The Channel Islands were provided with fortifications long since obsolete, and Alderney was partially converted into a naval station where a British fleet could watch Cherbourg. The end of its incomplete breakwater has long been an inconvenient artificial shoal, and an irate member of Parliament was moved to suggest about 1866 that the Government should buy up the island and blow it into the sea. Some years earlier a naval harbor had been begun in Jersey—opposite a coast whose ports dry at half ebb—which was abandoned as too shallow while still unfinished. Our strategists may now make fewer mistakes, but their mistakes are upon a far

grander and more expensive scale. Is it too much to hope that we may cease to build specifically against Germany, and against possible combinations of Germany with some grotesquely incompatible Power, like the United States, France, or Japan? Germany claims, not unreasonably, that she is only bringing her fleet up to a level corresponding with her shipping and commerce. If she has a suspicious and restless war party in high places and among Pan-German enthusiasts, we also have our believers in German spies and in a corps of German waiters, prepared on the outbreak of war to seize every London railway terminus, and our prophets of invasion who ignore not only our Navy, but the elementary conditions of the manœuvring of a huge transport flotilla. But a war is possible only by a continuance of these feelings, supplemented by a series of misunderstandings and blunders on the part of both Governments; and these are dangers which the events of this week have gone far to diminish. It is only reasonable that the diminution should be reflected in mutual reduction of naval expenditures which bid fair to strain the resources of both countries, and to waste capital that is sorely needed for expenditure on peaceful objects and reproductive enterprises.

The Economist.

SOLILOQUY IN BERLIN.

Ouf! so it's gone, that fiftieth birthday, gone
With all its flags and flowers and crowds and cheers,
Its salvoes and processions, beat of drums,
Its blare of trumpets and its regiments
Massed to salute me, and its loyalties,
Its Burgomasters and its brother-Kings—
Gone like a breath, and I am left to face
The dread insistence of the further years.

Well, well; the prospect seems to narrow in;
The limitless expanses grow defined,
And I can see, as men of fifty see,
The dark broad river which the others crossed,
And which I too must some day cross alone.
What trophy shall I bear to the other side,
What symbol of my duty and my deeds?
Bismarck? Aye, what of him? The only man,
The indispensable, whose head was crowned
With wreath on wreath of conquest and renown;
Lion of Varzin, thunder-cloud of doom,
Sole stay of Empire, rock of German might,
Removed beyond the shocks of circumstance;
Eternal monument of glory—pooh!
I raised my hand and brushed the thing aside;
And I did well, as every man must own.
And the too clamorous people—what of them?
Their meetings, congresses and Parliaments,
Their murmurings and obstinate complaints
And all the babble of their orators?
Police for them—aye, that's the only way—
Police and prison or a foreign land
For those who being German strive with me.

Silence, they say, a little silence, please,
From this too swift and most impulsive King.
The ways are narrow, and the fog lies thick
To hide them, and to move is to be lost.
Yea, but a King, since King he is, must know
What path to tread; his eye alone can pierce
The clouds of darkness, and his voice alone
Can hail and guide them where they ought to go.
Wherefore I know this silence is not good.
While all the discontented loose their tongues
And rave against him, shall the King be still?

And I have kept the peace. Was that well done?
I know not, but I know I kept the peace,
I whose blood boiled to hear the clash of swords,
At whose command a million men would spring
Obedient to the conflict; I, whose soul
Was made for glorious battle, who could lead
Ten thousand thundering horsemen to the charge,
Have kept the peace, while others urged to war.

And so the years are gone, the fifty years,
And every day was filled with care and toil,
And at the end, with all too little done
And nothing for remembrance, I remain.

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Rena Ramsay's name is unfamiliar but if her novel "The Straw" be a fair index of her powers she can write good novels of the racing school. The heroine is the straw, and is blown hither and yon by all manner of breezes. Having money, she is taken under the direction of a match-making matron and handed over to a ruined racing-man upon whom a recently divorced woman has the first claim, and in the end the entire action resolves itself into a duel between this person, and a peer whom the straw's husband has ridden down in a steeple chase. The peer wins, and the obnoxious husband being dead, everybody but the lady with a claim is happy. The story is written very lightly and although a murder is the chief incident in its latter half it almost passes for comedy, so evident is it that no harm is coming to any one who does not deserve it. The talk of the various personages is of that agreeably ill-natured species prevalent among persons having no higher motive than self-amusement, but witty, and accustomed to exchange witticisms without flinching. The Macmillan Company.

The young English doctor who hesitates to write a book for lay readers is lost. Whether it be of any value is a minor matter, but deprived of the advertising which a book will give him, nor maid nor matron will he see in his office, and consequently no man. Most of the little books produced by the fledgeling physicians are surprisingly good, abounding in common sense, and free from professional affectation of every species, and one especially to

be recommended to dyspeptics and victims of patent medicine is Mr. C. Sanford Read's "Fads and Feeding," a plain guide for persons with too much sense either to suppose that they can always prescribe for themselves, or to seek a physician whensoever they observe any novel phenomenon in the behavior of their bodies. An extremely brief discourse on the necessity and purposes of food serves as an introduction to the subject of diet, which is considered in many lights in the earlier chapters; in the later, the "fads" receive their due. The lesson of the whole is moderation even in changing from the unwholesome to the wholesome, and, above all, great moderation in thinking about possible diseases, and possibly abnormal processes. The book is very well written, and, being the work of one fresh from the University, it contains some information not found in older works, and decidedly useful to know. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Contemporary biography has given many new types of human nature to readers, and one of the most novel is to be found in Mr. Charles H. Sternberg's "The Life of a Fossil Hunter." In truth, few persons but students of geology and its derivative sciences are aware of the fossil-hunter's existence, and fewer still have any conception of the interesting nature of his experience. Mr. Sternberg's includes forty years of arduous journeys by every method known to the region between the Mississippi and the Rockies; adventures with Indians and white men of dubious character; privation and danger, and very small pay, but he is content; being conscious that he has rendered good service to science and this and nothing less has been his aim. He has saved no specimens for himself and the cordial written acknowledgments of the men of science whom he has served are almost his sole permanent reward for his toil. His name affixed to his specimens in museums is the only witness to his labors, which will remain after him, except the work of the three sons whom he has trained to aid him and to follow in his footsteps, but he has been happy, and his simple single-hearted story is a book to renew one's faith in man's capacity to work for pure delight in work. The book is illustrated with a few portraits, including one of the author, and excellent pictures of his most interesting fossils, and of animals reconstructed from them. It continues that group of the American Nature Series which is called "Working with Nature." Henry Holt & Co.

The spirit of Mr. Percy MacKay's "Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln" is all that is enthusiastic and reverent, and it contains a few fine lines, but its rhetoric abounds in errors, and some of its expressions are almost incredibly unfortunate. For instance, one is told that the people

—"high on rude rails garlanded
Bore their backwoodsman to the capitol."

although riding a man on a rail is hardly a tribute of respect. In a passage describing Lincoln as the "lone Flatboat man in the Union" one reads of him as a "poleman" at whom the "logmen" scream, or "burst the locks and loot the precious bales" while he is "resolute to lash his ballast to the sundered half and save the whole." The closing verses are the best in the pretty little book containing the "Ode":

"His presence shall not cease
To lift the ages towards his human excellence,
And races yet to be
Shall in a rude hut do him reverence
And solemnize a simple man's nativity."

(The Macmillan Co.)

